Photo *International Publication Co.*

Wriggle, wriggle, little cat,
How I wonder what you're at;
Are you boiled by some fierce Tartar,
Like a meek, innocuous martyr?

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"GOOD-BYE."

From the Painting by A. J. Elsley.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ELLALINE TERRISS.

An Ever-Popular Leading Lady.

Miss Ellaline Terriss has learned blood in her veins. She is descended from Grote, the Greek historian, and she is herself a writer, though certainly her compositions bear no comparison with those of her erudite ancestor.

However, she has composed some very charming songs, sung with great success, and once she wrote an article for the "National Review."

Miss Terriss has had a narrow escape from being killed outright. It was the now too familiar story, something wrong with a motor-car. The car skidded at Kennington and collided with a lamp-post, and Miss Terriss and Miss Barbara Deane were flung out. The car was wrecked; Miss Terriss' maid was badly hurt, but Miss Terriss and Miss Deane escaped with nothing worse than a severe shock.

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Photo *H. J. Whitlock & Sons Ltd.*

MABEL SEALBY

As Mina in "Miss Hook of Holland."

Fire has played a prominent part in Miss Mabel Sealby's very successful career hitherto.

Once when she was motoring near Bradford, the car caught fire. She had to get back to the theatre, and the car was the only available means of transit, so the flames were extinguished with snow—it was in winter—and Miss Sealby drove back to Bradford in triumph. On another occasion the theatre she was playing in caught fire; and yet again, the train in which she and her company travelled burst into flames, and part of the scenery was destroyed.

Her hair is brown, and her eyes blue, and she has a dainty pink and white complexion.

She has won golden opinions on tour in the part of Mina—Miss Gracie Leigh's part—in "Miss Hook of Holland."

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Photos *Zaccaria, Firenze.*

FREGOLINA.

A Very Youthful Quick-Change Artist.

Little Fregolina is just ten, and is an Italian from Florence.

At five years her parents took her to see the celebrated quick-change artist Fregoli. His extraordinary doings filled her infant brain with wonder and the spirit of emulation.

Fregolina began to make mysterious disappearances, and so did articles of apparel belonging to her parents and grandfather. She was doing quick changes *à la* Fregoli in odd corners of the house.

At six and a half, to the amazement of all, she delighted an audience at Florence for nearly three hours. Now, at ten, her reputation is world-wide.

Her costumes, which she changes before you can blink an eyelid, are valued at £6000, and she has a van-load of tiny furniture. She is still far too small to occupy an ordinary chair.

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

GEORGINA DELMAR,

Who has Played Leading Rôles in Grand Opera and Pantomime.

Surely, versatility is the keynote of Miss Georgina Delmar's stage career.

"I have played principal *rôles*," she says, "in every conceivable kind of entertainment, from Grand Opera at Covent Garden to pantomime!"

And some people say this is the age of specialism! But Miss Delmar is the brilliant exception that proves the rule. You want more proof? Then, here it is:

For a full week, when Susan Strong was ill, Miss Delmar sang comic songs at the Palace, and on the same days appeared at Daly's as the Gipsy Mother in "Ib, and Little Christina."

Miss Delmar is not likely to join the ranks of the unemployed.

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Photo *S. Elwin Neame.*

CRISSY BELL.

A Shining Light in the Gaiety Firmament.

Sparkling and vivacious, cramful of the optimism of sweet seventeen, is pretty Miss Crissy Bell.

The managers have been "so good to her . . . George Edwardes is a perfect dear," and Mr. Seymour Hicks is "very nice," too.

Her father was Henry Beauchamp, a noted journalist. His real name was not Beauchamp, neither is her real name Bell: it is—but that would be telling.

Usually inclined to be simple and inexpensive in her tastes and habits, she ran over six sheep the other day while driving a friend's motor. The bill was £20—a mere trifle, of course, to a motor-car owner.

She is not extravagant in dress, though.

"I like to look nice, of course; but when I get married I don't mean to ruin my husband with dressmaker's bills." Is she not a kind, thoughtful girl?

She played recently as a young officer in "The Girls of Gottenberg."

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

IRIS HOEY.

An Ornament of the Musical Comedy Stage.

She is one of Mr. George Edwardes' many discoveries, and made a hit on tour as one of "The Little Michus."

She is very dainty and bright, and has a lovely voice. And she is one of pantomime's most *chic* of principal girls.

The good people of the hard-headed city of Manchester surrendered to her charms, and in graver walks of the drama she has had gratifying success.

This was evident at His Majesty's Theatre when Mr. Tree gave her a part in "The Tempest."

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Photo *Lizzie Caswell Smith.*

BOBBIE ANDREWS.

A Twelve-year-old Leading "Man."

Nothing like the precocity of Master Bobbie Andrews has been seen for many a long day.

Bobbie is just twelve years old, and has been appearing in the title *rôle* of "Her Son" at the New Theatre. This, however, is not by any means all. He has himself written plays, and has beaten all records by writing and getting produced at a charity entertainment a play all in twenty-four hours. If this is not genius, will someone kindly let us know what genius is?

Bobbie was the guest of honour at lunch with the Lord-Lieutenant at Dublin, and was presented with a pearl scarf-pin.

He has a younger brother and much-loved sister, Maidée who take part in the plays he writes.

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ETHEL IRVING.

A Clever and Versatile Actress.

Miss Ethel Irving has been successful in musical comedy, comedy, and tragedy as well. She has a fascinating manner, and her personality and delightful Irish brogue were recently the mainstay of "Lady Frederick" at the Court Theatre.

"I say, miss, ever been in pantomime?"

"Oh, yes! Why?"

"Played fairy queen?"

"No; fairy queens have to sing."

"Our queen ain't engaged yet, miss. Won't you try for it? Singing don't matter. We've had worse than you!"

These are questions by a North Country stage hand, and answers by Miss Irving.

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Aunt Augusta's Earthquakes

The Story of Their Causes and Immediate Results.

By John Chester.

Aunt Augusta is a very strong-minded woman. I have lived with her for thirty-one years, in fact all my life, and for the first thirty years, eleven months, and twenty-five days, I was unable to detect a single weak spot in her character. But one was there all the time. Last week it revealed itself.

"Theodore," she remarked one morning at breakfast—it was she who fitted me out with the name Theodore; my mother did her best to have me christened George—"I was upset by the earthquakes in San Francisco and Jamaica."

"I did not know the effects were so far-reaching," I answered incautiously.

"Flippancy is in bad taste, especially early morning flippancy," replied my aunt in a voice that made the poached eggs shiver and long for their shells. "I was going to say when you interrupted me with your ill-timed facetiousness, that the awful examples of San Francisco and Jamaica should give us warning that ere long even Tooting may be shaken to its very foundations."

"Surely it is not as bad as all that," I protested.

"I assure you it is. I have gone most carefully into the question, and I can find no reason why Tooting should be spared. In fact, I anticipate its early destruction; and I am not a person to let my imagination run riot."

"No, aunt."

"Do not interrupt. I was saying that for many months I have foreseen the probability of our happy home being involved in one of Nature's cataclysms; but as I knew of no way of preventing it, or safeguarding ourselves, I kept silent. Now, however, I have learnt of a means by which we may receive

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timely warning of the approach of the phenomena. Listen."

"Yes, aunt."

"Do not interrupt. I am about to read you the concluding sentences of a paragraph on earthquakes that appeared in last week's *Good Resolutions*. 'Earthquakes are always preceded by a series of premonitory tremors, which, though too small to be perceived by human beings, are felt by pea-fowl, and other birds of the pheasant species. These intelligent creatures accordingly give warning of the approach of a seismic disturbance by uttering shrill cries, and showing other signs of uneasiness.' In my ignorance," went on Aunt Augusta, folding up the Satanic paving-stone, "I had always looked upon the peacock as a useless bird, whose totally unnecessary tail and vainglorious scream should serve us as a warning against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, instead of——"

"Instead of a warning of world wobbles," I suggested, for my aunt hesitated.

"You apprehend my meaning, though I cannot protest too strongly against the way you express it. I intend to avail myself of the gifts with which the pheasant tribe has been endowed; in fact, to cut a long tale short, I have ordered a peacock."

"Poor bird!" I ejaculated.

"He will be properly fed and housed, and will have no need for your sympathy," answered Aunt Augusta, who had luckily missed the drift of my remark. "I have arranged that you shall make a small house for him out of some old packing-cases when you come back from the office this evening."

If there is one thing I hate, it is carpentering. I stayed at the office as long as possible, and then played a game of billiards with Jones. Finally I got home about supper time. It was useless. No supper was forthcoming until I had done what my aunt considered a fair evening's work on the peacock's house. I managed to knock together a back and two ends, and Aunt Augusta suggested that an old iron bedstead with the legs removed would make an excellent lattice-work front. Subsequently I had reason to be thankful that the suggestion was not mine. The roof was made of an old piece of tarpaulin that Aunt Augusta had been hoarding for years.

We went to bed soon after supper. As I entered my room I observed that a large electric bell had been fixed on the wall over the head of my bed. The wires I traced to Aunt Augusta's room. Underneath the bell was a notice in my aunt's bold handwriting. It read as follows:

NOTICE.

1. Each member of this household will retire to rest with his or her valuables upon his or her person.

2. He or she will keep a change of apparel, a tin of corned beef, and a box of biscuits ready packed in a handbag beside his or her bed.

3. When the electric bell sounds, each member of this household will take his or her bag, and proceed in an orderly manner to the garden.

4. Theodore Gubbins will turn off the gas at the meter before leaving the house.

By Order.

My first impulse was to tear down both bell and notice, but wiser counsels prevailed. In the end I merely wedged the striker of the bell with the handle of my tooth-brush, and so slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning Aunt Augusta came down with a large note-book in her hand.

"I have decided that you shall keep an accurate record of the earthquake shocks as they occur," she remarked, handing the book to me. "Also, I hope, that in doing so, you may be stimulated to take an intelligent interest in Nature's most awe-inspiring phenomena."

I sighed and opened the book. Its pages were ruled into several columns, which were headed as follows:

Date and Time of Premonitory Tremors, Time and Nature of Earthquake, Results, Remarks.

"The peacock arrives to-day," continued my aunt. "You will call for him at the station on your way home from the office. To-night, under the protection of the intelligent bird, we shall at last be able to sleep in peace."

I assented, though I anticipated that I should owe my peaceful slumbers, if any, to my tooth-brush.

That evening I brought the peacock home in a crate, on the top of a four-wheeler. He signalled "premonitory tremors" every yard of the way, and collected a huge crowd of little boys, who thought I was the advance agent for a circus. Under Aunt Augusta's directions, I arranged his house in the front garden beneath her bedroom window, and then transferred him from the crate to his new home.

"It shall be your duty to feed and look

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after him," remarked my aunt complacently, as I adjusted the iron bedstead in front of the house. I had already anticipated as much.

The evening passed undisturbed. By bedtime I had dismissed earthquakes from my mind. As I entered my room, I fell over an object that was lying on the floor beside my bed. I lit the gas and discovered that the stumbling-block was my handbag. Inside was packed a change of underclothing, a pair of tweed knickerbockers, my best frock-coat, and a deer-stalker cap. The frock-coat was wrapped round a tin of corned beef, and in the breast pocket was thrust a tin-opener; a box of cracknels—a form of biscuit I am physically incapable of swallowing—was concealed in the knickerbockers. I recognised the cook's packing.

No supper was forthcoming until I had done what my aunt considered a fair evening's work on the peacock's house.

After emptying the bag, I vainly tried to remove some of the creases from my frock-coat. Then I wedged the bell with my tooth-brush, and so went to bed. I had been asleep a few minutes when I was awakened by the tooth-brush falling on my face. The jarring of the striker had shaken it loose, and the bell was now free and ringing furiously. Presently it stopped, and I heard Aunt Augusta leave her room and walk with measured tread down the passage. As she passed my door she knocked vigorously and called out: "Do not loiter, Theodore."

I got out of bed, put on an overcoat, and taking my empty bag, followed reluctantly. My aunt was walking up and down the garden path in a dressing-gown, under an umbrella, for it was raining. She had a stable lantern in her hand, and by its light I noticed that she had three earrings in each ear, her fingers were covered with old-fashioned rings, and on her neck she wore four necklaces—one of them, a red coral parure, was too short to go round, and had been eked out with a brown mohair shoelace. Her dressing-gown was studded with obsolete brooches, and her arms were heavy with the family bracelets. From a large hip pocket peeped the spout of her silver teapot.

Every now and then she stopped, picked up a stone from the gravel path, and hurled it at the cook's bedroom window. Considering

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At this moment a sulky, sleepy figure, wrapped in a waterproof, emerged from the front door, and proved on investigation to be the cook.

her age and sex, she made good shooting. Only one stone went wide enough to hit a window in the house next door.

"Did you turn off the gas at the meter?" she asked as I appeared.

"I did not like to leave the cook in the dark," I answered glibly.

"Have you got all your valuables upon your person?"

"No, I'll go back and get them."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. You must note in which direction your bedroom falls, and then try to recover your valuables from the ruins."

At this moment a sulky, sleepy figure, wrapped in a waterproof, emerged from the front door, and proved on investigation to be the cook. While Aunt Augusta was warning her of the awful fate that overtakes sluggards, especially in times of seismic disturbance, I went to look at the peacock. The author of all our discomfort slumbered.

After we had waited in the rain for a considerable time, Aunt Augusta informed us that the earthquake had passed.

"It was not perceptible to our limited human intelligence," she explained, "but that only shows what a very sensitive bird a peacock must be. He observes the premonitory tremors when even the main shock escapes our notice."

"And his too," I added, as I hurried back to bed.

The next day passed quietly. If the peacock screamed at all, Aunt Augusta did not notice it. In the afternoon she rashly allowed the bird out for a run in the garden. He ate it. There was not a single vital portion of any plant or flower that he did not consume. In half-an-hour he had reduced our beautiful garden to a mere front yard.

That night on retiring to rest, I discovered that all the buttons had been removed from the coat of my sleeping suit, and small stud holes cut instead. It took all my studs, my sleeve links, and two gold safety-pins to do me up for the night. Really, Aunt Augusta's

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relentless ingenuity was becoming exasperating. The peacock went off at about the same hour as the night before, and Aunt Augusta rang the household up once more. On this occasion the cook did not come down; she gave notice from her bedroom window.

As we waited in the rain for the destruction of Tooting and the cook, I began to wonder why the peacock should give tongue at the same moment every night. At last it occurred to me that a motor-'bus, which hustles down our quiet street every evening at half-past ten, might have something to do with it. I propounded the theory to my aunt. She received it with the profoundest contempt. After waiting for the usual interval we went to bed.

I spent the following day scouring London for a peacock muzzle. In vain. That evening the alarm was sounded at a much earlier hour than usual. A man with a cornet began to play "Sing me to sleep," in front of the public-house at the corner, and the peacock signalled premonitory tremors at the same instant. When Aunt Augusta and I had mobilised in the front yard, the cornet and the peacock were still in full blast.

"That foolish man," remarked my aunt, waving her hand in the direction of the instrumentalist, "reminds me of Nero."

"I don't know either of them," I answered apathetically, "but, of course, one Italian is very much like another."

"Don't you remember, Nero fiddled while Rome was burning?"

"Ah, yes, of course. And this man tootles while Tooting totters. Most remarkable resemblance."

"You have a very foolish way of expressing yourself," replied my aunt, and relapsed into moody silence.

I strolled over towards the peacock for the sake of companionship, for he seemed to be the only lively member of the party. As I approached his house I was hit on the back of the head by a piece of soap, which had come, apparently, from an upper window of the next house. I picked it up, went round to the front door, and gave it to the maid who answered the bell.

"I am sorry your master should divert this toilet soap from its legitimate uses," I said. "But at the same time I think it is only neighbourly to tell him that if his shot was aimed at the peacock it went high and to the left."

Next day I found the same piece of soap impaled on the bars of the peacock's house, so our neighbour evidently profited by the information. That night the peacock emitted no sound when the motor-'bus rattled by. Aunt Augusta was triumphant.

"Now you see how foolish your suggestion was," she exulted.

"The bird has got used to the 'bus," I explained.

My aunt smiled contemptuously.

The following night the household slumbered undisturbed. On going into the garden next morning I discovered the reason. The iron bedstead had been insecurely fastened, and the jarring of the motor-'bus had caused it to fall inwards. Beneath it lay the peacock. He had passed away in his sleep.

I wished to bury him in the front yard, but Aunt Augusta has hung his body in the larder. She talks of getting a new peacock, but I have warned her that she must choose between it and me. Knowing her strength of character as I do, I think it probable that she will plump for the new peacock.

I have shown her the record of the earthquakes up to date. This is it:

Date and Time of Premonitory Tremors.	Time and Nature of Earthquake.	Results.	Remarks.
30.6.07. 10.30 p.m.	10.30 p.m. Motor-'bus	Nil	Unprintable
1.7.07. 10.30 p.m.	10.30 p.m. Same 'bus	Cook gave notice	Unprintable
2.7.07. 9.15 p.m.	9.15 p.m. "Sing me to sleep," on cornet	Neighbour threw soap	High and to the left
Nil	10.30 p.m. 'Bus as above	Peacock died	R.I.P.

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FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

To-morrow, for the nineteenth time,
I go to court again;
Yet all the honours showered on me
Have never made me vain.

Such pressing invites I receive,
I simply *can't* say "Nay";
Although, I'm such a modest man,
I'd rather keep away.

I always meet, each time I go,
Acquaintances galore,
Who tell me in a friendly way,
"They've seen me there
before!"

How much they like my
company,
Some folks can scarce con-
ceive;
For when I wish to come
away,
They will not let me leave.

This great affection for me
is
Most flattering, of course;
But, still, it's really far from nice
To be detained by force.

They've kept me weeks, and even
months;
'Twas very wrong, you know.
Once more, to-morrow morning, to
The police-court I
must go.

Herbert J. Brandon.

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The Life History of a Buffalo

By
Sarath Kumar Ghosh.

Moolraj, Chief of the **Shikaris**, *Describes the Wild Life of the Indian Buffalo, and its Uses When Tamed.*

The elephants had drunk at the midnight pool, disported themselves, and departed. But meanwhile there was a silent movement along the bank higher up the stream. A dull, black, massive form comes to the water's edge, then another on its right, and another on its left. The three form the head of a phalanx of wild buffaloes; the rest of the herd come up from behind and range themselves on either side of the leaders. Sniffing the air, they stand with levelled horns and in serried rank, all bulls. Behind them stand the cows and calves; a line of bulls brings up the rear. While the first line drinks the others keep watch; then the first line files past the side, comes to the rear, forms line again, face outwards — while the second advances to the water.

Under the lee of the buffaloes, and seeking their protection, a timid *nilghai* (blue deer) creeps to the bank. She glances with timorous eyes to the right and left. For she knows that afar off a pair of black panthers are waiting for her—aye, from the tall, treacherous grass a pair of yellow, flaming eyes are watching her with the lust of hunger, knowing that she is the daintiest morsel in the jungle. So she creeps with a panting heart to the side of the buffaloes, and drinks beneath the horn of the nearest one.

Suddenly there is a shrill cry, and with a single bound she has regained the high ground and vanished. The next instant, with fiery nostrils and levelled horns, the wild buffaloes have charged full pelt into the jungle. Upon the deserted bank a tiger and the pair of panthers recover from their foiled leap, eye one another askance, accuse one another of spoiling the sport—and slink off sulkily to their lairs.

That, Heaven-born, is a true scene by the midnight pool. I mention it because of the unwritten law of the jungle. The elephants, the lords among the denizens of the jungle, drink first, and then all other animals—but at a point *above* the elephants, not below; otherwise the water would be muddy Could the law of human society be more just? Verily among men the inferior must eat and drink both below and after the lords—and of their leavings. But all human civilisation was anticipated in the jungle centuries before the advent of man on this planet. Behold the unionism of the buffaloes, and their co-operation against the common foe. But of that more in due course.

In that herd, among the cows, there was a young calf—the subject of my present narrative. In after years he was named Buldeo; so we shall call him by that name from the beginning.

Buldeo was born in the summer, in the manner of most buffalo calves; and also, as is usual, he had no brother or sister at birth; for twins are somewhat rare. His home was on the lowland portion of the wide tract watered by the Godavery. The buffalo is one of those animals which are found only in localities fulfilling certain definite conditions.

Each animal has its own special requirements; those of the buffalo seem to be an unlimited supply of water combined with a plentiful pasturage; and, as the latter is really dependent on the former, the essential feature of the buffalo's haunts is water.

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All animals need water, but the buffalo needs it most. If it could, it would wade neck deep into a pool and stay there all day. Hence its most usual haunts are the jungles intersected by the tributaries of such mighty rivers as the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the Godavery. Lowlands it prefers to highlands; for, though drinking water may be supplied by mountain streams, the luxury of a daily bath or wallow would be wanting.

Wild buffaloes are always found in herds. Buldeo's herd numbered about fifty; a dozen calves of all ages, the rest bulls and cows. At the time of his birth his mother separated from the herd for four days, when he was strong enough to move with the other buffaloes. His mother then rejoined the herd, which had meanwhile kept to the neighbourhood. In that respect a buffalo herd behaves unlike an elephant herd; for the latter stays by the mother throughout, till the young one is able to go with the rest.

A buffalo calf, in the first few months of its life, behaves exactly like the calf of the domestic cattle, so we can dismiss Buldeo's early youth with a brief reference. Invariably in the morning and evening he would drink his mother's milk, and once or twice in the day at odd intervals, if he felt hungry. His mother would be grazing quietly, when he would rush to her, have a mouthful of milk, start a frantic race of ten yards all by himself, stop dead, turn back, have a little more milk, then a mad gallop—and again some more milk. In fact, his early days were spent in doing two things—standing quite still for a few minutes, then suddenly galloping madly for ten yards—through sheer joy of living.

No kitten or puppy dog has quite that same idea of enjoyment. The kitten or the puppy will be tumbling head over heels, or chasing its own tail, or in some sort of perpetual motion all day. But the buffalo calf thinks that there is no joy like sudden joy. One never can tell when it will break out into a gallop and when stand still. The contrast between the immobility and the violent motion seems to be the essence of its pleasure.

This constant exercise seems to have been designed by Nature to enable the calf to move with the herd over a considerable distance if necessary. As a rule the herd tries to keep to the same locality, but as the combined appetite of fifty buffaloes will lay bare all the vegetation in a dozen square miles in a week, an occasional long march might be necessary. Besides, every kind of land would not suit; it must have a few swamps or marshes to complete their joy. In that respect the Indian buffalo differs totally from its first cousin, the Indian bison—with which it is often confused. For the bison prefers forests of trees to jungles of thickets and bushes; and comparatively dry tablelands to swampy lowlands.

The bison is brownish in colour, the buffalo almost black. In size, the bison is bigger—in fact, the Indian bison is the largest animal of the bovine tribe—though the buffalo is big enough to command respect. Buldeo at full maturity had the following dimensions:

Height at the shoulder, 6½ feet—considerably higher than a horse. Length over body 10½ feet. Tail, 3 feet.

Horns, each 6 feet in length, slightly curved outwards at the point.

For the bison the length and height of body would be a few inches more, but the horns would be shorter.

Regarding comparative strength, the evidence points to an equality between the bison and the buffalo. Many an elephant carrying a hunter has been upset by the sudden charge of a wounded bison or buffalo alike. Hence the interesting question arises: Which is the strongest animal in the world? Probably the bull elephant. Next, the rhinoceros or bison or buffalo; about equal. Next, the tiger; but for the bigger bulk of the others, the tiger would be easily first. The African lion? Simply not in the running. For the strength of the finest specimens of the African lion is found by actual and repeated experiments to be only about six-tenths that of the Bengal tiger.

Indian Rajahs have often had tigers participating in State processions. It is done very simply. A captive tiger is drugged by means of opium mixed with its food. Then three steel collars or bands are fixed around it; one at the neck, one at the waist, and the third about the middle—held in position by being attached to the other two with chains above and below. Now two, three, or four iron rods, each seven or eight feet long and an inch thick, are fixed to each of the bands by rings. If the tiger is large, it needs at least ten strong men to hold the rods when the tiger awakes, and the men will have to be very much on the alert when dragging or thrusting it along in the procession.

Rods are used in preference to chains, as with the latter it is only possible to pull—whereas with rods to thrust as well; hence the strength of all ten men is available simultaneously. But trying the experiment with even a powerful lion, it is found that six men can hold it in the above manner—which gives the numerical value of the tiger's strength,

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not only in relation to the lion, but also approximately in regard to men.

This reference to the tiger's strength has an important bearing on the character of the buffalo. The tiger and the buffalo are intimately connected, not merely as the eater and the eaten, the hunter and the hunted, but also, by a sort of reciprocity of destiny, as the hunter-become-hunted and the hunted-turned-hunter. For the buffalo is the one quadruped which shares with man the privilege of regularly and systematically hunting the tiger. As that is the most interesting feature in the buffalo's life, I shall reserve it to the last.

The one thing Buldeo had to learn was the principal law of the herd, namely, co-operation. Bees and ants have a complete system of government; but they not only retain class distinctions, but also allot different species of work to different classes of members. In a buffalo herd, however, there is perfect equality—except for the mere fact of having a leader, who may possibly have the first choice of a wife, but has no other privilege whatever. He is not a king in a little kingdom, nor a president in a republic, but merely the first worker or defender among others; the first among equals. Herds of other wild animals feed and live together. A buffalo herd does more—it thinks together, acts together.

Why this absolute unity? Because of the common peril—the tiger. Somewhere along the banks of the Ganges or the Brahmaputra, perhaps cycles of centuries before the advent of man, the buffalo roamed in individual freedom—and was eaten by the tiger. Had the tiger dared to attack it in front, the buffalo would have soon gored it to death, or even have trampled the life out of it. But the buffalo had to feed long to satisfy its hunger, and with its head to the grass, so the tiger always took it from the rear. At last, decimated, exasperated, out of their sorrow was begotten wisdom.

The buffaloes realised that if they could always present a united front to the tiger they would be safe. That is, if they grazed together, moved together, drank together, horn to horn in a phalanx or circle or square. The British square that spells victory in battle? The wild buffaloes of India discovered the same principle a few thousand centuries earlier; out of their bitterness, their sorrows, their losses. Thenceforth they lived in herds, and founded the laws of co-operation.

The wild buffaloes of Africa or America might have adopted the principle of united action to the same extent had their peril been as great. But the lion or the jaguar was not powerful enough, for an African buffalo is more than a match for a pair of African lions. Wisdom is begotten of sorrow among men and women; then why not among buffaloes? The working men of Europe learnt the power of co-operation only after centuries of oppression from their taskmasters; in like manner also the buffaloes of India.

Is the government among them quite perfect? No. What social system is perfect among men and women? There, I have said it! Men *and women*. . . . Yes, among buffaloes also the females are at the bottom of all the trouble. The whole herd lives all the year round in peace and brotherhood, thinking of nothing but their food and drink—which they share in common. But in the autumn, when their thoughts turn to love, and a huge general nuptial is about to take place, the bulls fight like demons—or men—for the first pick of the females. In marriage alone there is no common property.

I have said that there was a leader in Buldeo's herd—a fiery old bull, who had vanquished all his rivals at the annual prenuptial joust for the possession of the queen of beauty. For five years, since Buldeo's birth, he held the leadership; then, alas! he met his inevitable doom. Three jealous young bulls were all in love with the most favoured young cow in the herd. Individually, they realised, they had no chance against the old bull, who had already marked out the object of their united affection for his new wife for that year. So the three combined, held a council of war, went simultaneously for the old bull, and gave him a most fearful thrashing.

Now a defeated leader never stays with the herd. So he walked out into the jungle and became a lone wanderer. Later on he found a smaller herd, fought and vanquished its leader, and took his place—till again ousted by a younger bull. Then he took to solitude and developed a most savage temper.

He was shot by an English sportsman, for whom I acted as *shikari*. The bull received an inch thick solid ball on his flank at a hundred yards as he was grazing, turned swiftly, sniffed the air, pawed the ground, got another ball full on the chest, sighted us, charged in mad fury—we leapt nimbly aside, fired again at ten yards simultaneously, one on either shoulder—and the bull with bent head crashed into a small tree, uprooted it, and died.

And the three young bulls, his conquerors? Alas, their history was almost human! They

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fell to fighting among themselves for the possession of the cow that had caused the trouble, and the strongest defeated his rivals and reigned supreme for a year. For meanwhile Buldeo had grown up, and at the next pre-nuptial joust such a battle took place as had seldom been witnessed in the jungle before. For the best young cow of the year was a beauty—in buffalo estimation.

The combatants faced each other at about ten yards, looked at each other with narrowed eyelids, pawed the ground, bent their heads, and charged. They met with a shock that rang through the jungle like the snapping of a tall deodar. The skull of almost any other animal would have been fractured by such a shock; but a buffalo skull is very thick.

They recoiled from the shock, and charged again. Now they did not recoil, but laid head to head and butted, pushed, separated, closed. Then gradually, step by step, Buldeo forced back his opponent—suddenly paused, took a step back, and charged. The other staggered under the unexpected blow, fell on his haunches, reared himself up fiercely, paused a moment to take breath.

Meanwhile, Buldeo fell back a few steps, and awaited the returning shock. As he saw it coming he turned suddenly a little to the left, and presented his right horn to his opponent's shoulder, pierced it, then fell back quickly, lest the horn should be broken by the enormous pressure. The wounded buffalo bellowed with rage, and casting discretion to the winds, came on recklessly in mad fury.

Now they discarded the head attack, and leapt and circled round each other, each trying to gore his opponent on the flank. The rest of the herd looked on with blinking eyes, but never interfered. The grass was beaten down over a dozen yards at the middle of the arena, sprinkled with patches of blood at every step. For the fighters were now mad with fury, and gored each other to kill or be killed. But vaguely Buldeo seemed to realise that he must preserve his horns intact, if ever he were to reign over the herd. It was better to abstain from inflicting the deepest wound possible, if thereby a horn were to be broken. Being younger and more nimble, he trusted rather to the number of wounds he could inflict than to the intensity of each. He was forced back by the reckless onslaught of his foe, or retired judiciously, then leapt round sideways and gored him on the flank.

At last the older bull began to tire visibly from the loss of blood. He made one last frantic charge. They met in the centre of the arena, obscured for the moment by the cloud of dust around them. They seemed locked together, horn to horn—a sound like the crack of timber, a wild bellow of rage and pain, a fierce scuffle, a frantic thrust—and the older bull went down on his knees. Buldeo took a step back, pawed the ground, snorted with fiery nostrils. But the enemy came no more to the attack, for he had realised that he had met his doom. He looked piteously at the broken horn lying at his feet, lurched up heavily, panted for breath, turned slowly towards the jungle.

He staggered onwards, onwards, onwards, never pausing to look back on the herd that had cast off his supremacy. Like a rudderless ship he rolled onwards, reeling, lurching, then labouring onwards. Through bushes and thickets, past streams and brooklets, over the fields, then on to the high road that led over an eminence to the asylum of a new jungle. Once over the hillock, in the middle of the lonely road, he paused for breath, silhouetted against the setting sun, his black flanks red with blood oozing from a dozen wounds, his mouth and nostrils dripping with mingled foam and blood, his right horn broken off at the middle. He blinked at the sun, then staggered on and passed out of sight, perchance to seek the refuge and solace of a wallow in some deserted swamp. And all for the sake of one small cow!

His conqueror, panting for breath and covered with blood and sweat, yet defiant and conscious of his might, turned and faced the rest of the herd. He looked at the other bulls and waited for a challenge. But they saw the broken horn on the ground, and probably thought that one cow was as good as another; so they lowered their mouths to the grass and commenced to feed. But to Buldeo it was his first love, and he wanted one particular being and no other. Thus he won her and the leadership of the herd by the same battle.

He ruled wisely; or, to be more accurate, led wisely. Buffaloes act simultaneously from mere habit or instinct. Occasionally a short council of war is necessary, and then the leader moves, and forthwith all the others move with him. I shall give an example presently. Meanwhile, let us consider the three essential occupations of a herd: feeding, drinking or wallowing, and sighting danger.

First, feeding. Wild buffaloes always feed at night. Their instinct or observation has informed them that the greatest peril from the tiger is at night; so they spend the night wide-awake and in constant motion. They feed

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mainly on grass, anything from a few inches to a few feet high. As they nibble the grass they move onwards step by step. They start originally in a line or crescent, so that as they feed the whole line or crescent advances by about an equal amount.

It is a curious fact that if there be an intervening obstacle, such as a large tree or mound, the two parts of the line re-form instinctively on the other side, not by an apparently studied effort, but in the mere act of feeding. The more forward portion just lingers a little over each mouthful, to give the rear line time to come up, this again being merely due to their constant habit of acting in unison. The cows are not necessarily in the centre, as they, too, have powerful horns, and could join effectively with the bulls in repelling a frontal attack. But if there be very young calves, the mothers instinctively take the centre.

He staggered onwards, onwards, onwards, never pausing to look back on the herd that had cast off his supremacy.

Failing a sufficiency of grass, vegetation of any kind will serve, such as the fresh leaves of small trees or shrubs. But the greatest delicacy is growing crops; and if a buffalo herd ever passes within a few miles of a village, the people generally find next morning half their crops eaten up or trampled down. Buldeo raided several such places with his comrades, which subsequently led to the after part of his history, as we shall see forthwith.

Buffaloes drink several times. At the midnight pool, if they can find one. Failing that, in the morning. Then, as the sun gets hot, they seek their daily bath or wallow. Here we have the true capacity of a leader. It is one of the conceits of man that he appropriates all power of reasoning to himself; anything he does not understand in animals he attributes vaguely to "instinct."

Instinct, forsooth! A buffalo herd has usually to feed all night to satisfy its hunger, and then must finish up in the morning somewhere in the neighbourhood of water. Supposing at the start in the evening Buldeo turned his head at each mouthful a little to the right instead of the left, or *vice versâ;* then the next buffalo would have to do likewise to get a mouthful at all, and so on all along the line. Result: by the morning Buldeo would have carried his herd a few miles away from the nearest pool.

Remember that food is not continuous in location, and that several barren patches may have to be traversed. And supposing he managed accurately at first, when grass was plentiful and any direction correct, then how about a fortn ght later when all the vegetation was eaten off the face of the earth for miles around, and the herd compelled to resort to

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a less favoured pasture in the outlying regions? If that is mere instinct, then the finest strategists act by mere instinct. Which, after all, may be true!

Assuming, then, that the calculation was correct, Buldeo would lead his herd into the pool to drink and then bathe. He would walk right in, so that a hidden *shikari* on a tree would see only his eyes and nostrils out of the water. And the whole herd likewise. More; in that attitude they would remain for hours, protected by the water from the heat of the sun and from the plague of mosquitoes and flies.

But Buldeo was the happiest when he struck a neighbouring mire; for a mire is the paradise of buffaloes. In it he would go, followed by the rest, neck deep if possible, and literally wallow in it, occasionally rolling on the sides to get the mud right over. And in it also he would remain for several hours; in fact, all day, if possible, to lie down and sleep. If not, he would emerge with the herd and seek the nearest patch of long grass. In it the herd would lie down to sleep, amply protected from the sun and the mosquitoes by the inch of mud on their backs.

Have they sentinels during the hours of sleep? One would expect that. But, strange as it may seem, they have none; probably because sentinels are unnecessary. The whole herd lies down fairly close together, so that an enemy could not reach the neck of any or inflict anything more than a scratch or two, without running the risk of being forthwith gored or trampled to death.

The real danger is during the hours of feeding, if the line gets unduly extended and a straggler not only lags behind but is also hidden from view for the moment by tall grass. To guard against that peril the buffalo is endowed with certain faculties. First, an acute power of smell. An approaching tiger would be smelt by the entire herd a couple of hundred yards from leeward, and half-a-mile from windward.

Sometimes a hidden *shikari* on a tree is informed of the approach of a tiger by the demeanour of a herd of buffaloes. One moment the whole herd will be browsing peacefully; then one or two will look up, sniff the air, paw the ground, and utter a short, sharp snort. The next instant the whole herd will spontaneously form a circle, or phalanx, or square, according to the nature of the ground, and stand perfectly still, sniffing the air. Thus they will remain for any length of time; and when at last they lower their heads to resume feeding, the *shikari* knows that the danger is past.

Second, the power of inter-communication. A buffalo utters three distinct kinds of sound. A prolonged, sonorous bellow, to call stragglers. A herd may have unconsciously broken up into two or three groups, each hidden from view by the night or otherwise; then this cry will restore communication even at a mile; nay, if the night be very still and clear, as it often is in India, and if some of the buffaloes are feeding low, with their heads close to the ground, they will hear the sound at three miles. Perhaps the Heaven-born knows that among *shikaris* the recognised standard of distance is called the "buffalo league," which is approximately three miles. For the expert *shikari*, by putting his ear to the ground, can also hear the buffalo call at that distance; hence his adoption of that standard.

The second class of cry I have already alluded to; the sharp snort of rage or even a roar like that of a common bull, generally in a fight. The third sound is the most interesting. It is a kind of "moo;" low in pitch, but intense and concentrated. It is a cry of apprehension, intended to warn the others of some *imminent peril* either to the utterer or to the hearers. I shall give an example.

After Buldeo had raided several cornfields near the village where my family dwelt, the villagers begged me to capture the herd—not only to stop their ravages, but also to use the captured herd afterwards for a very necessary purpose. But to take a whole herd alive, or even a part of it, is a serious undertaking. So I went with a comrade to reconnoitre. We came up with them about an hour before sunset, when the herd was just waking from sleep. The grass was quite four feet high, and we came to within a hundred yards, when suddenly we heard a "moo," then another, and another. There was a commotion, as if the buffaloes were moving as rapidly as possible. We looked up and saw the cause; the herd was forming a circle to repel an attack. They had mistaken us for tigers! And they actually remained in that attitude for an hour, till we had withdrawn to a distance.

That night we followed them, and completed our arrangements for their capture. I shall not trouble the Heaven-born with details. There are two methods—pits covered with twigs, and an arrangement of nets near some favourite wallow. In three attempts we took a dozen of them, including Buldeo, on whom

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indeed all our efforts were centred; the rest escaped.

Now, the taming of wild buffaloes is extremely simple, if aided by domesticated ones—who themselves have been wild originally. After all, a buffalo, like any other animal, only wants its daily food; then why should it grumble if it has the food without the trouble of seeking for it? So the captives were herded with the tame buffaloes in a large stockade in which there was a suitable pool and an adjoining mire; besides, a superabundance of cut grass was thrown in daily. What more could they want? In fact, in a few weeks they were as tame as the rest.

The herd was forming a circle to repel an attack. They had mistaken us for tigers!

The most astonishing feature about the character of the buffalo is its strong affection for man. It is a remarkable fact that the deep attachment for man possessed by such intelligent animals as the elephant, the dog, the horse, is far surpassed by that poor, dull, stupid creature—the buffalo. But the man must be no stranger; in fact, must be someone the buffalo sees daily, hears the voice of, feels the touch of—the herdsman.

Now, in a village there is always a sort of head herdsman; but the actual work of taking out the buffaloes to graze, to wallow, and then fetching them back at night, is done by little boys—little boys, because they are useless for any other work, and can play about all day beside their charge. There is a close affinity between buffaloes and little boys—they both revel in mud.

Need I add then that the naked little boy who tumbles in the mud with the herd is loved by them with a passionate love? But woe to the stranger that unexpectedly approaches the herd, or the man of unwonted appearance. So let the Heaven-born's English friends beware of coming too near if they pass by a village and see a naked little toddler twisting a bull buffalo's tail. The buffalo loves that, but will hurl his body—ten feet long and six feet high—in sudden rage at the strangers at sight.

Thus let me introduce to the Heaven-born the joy and pride of my heart—my little son Gulab. He was six years old, knew no clothing, and revelled in mud. After the captives had become quite tame they were taken to the fields with the other buffaloes, and for the first two months Gulab went with the old herdsman. Then he took sole charge. It was a sight to witness when he clambered up Buldeo's huge back by the tail. Sometimes Buldeo would lower his head to enable the boy to scramble up by the horns. Gulab would sit well forward on the neck, his legs wide apart, a foot on each horn. Thus he would take the herd to graze.

The whole object of the villagers in keeping a herd of buffaloes was to protect their other live stock, such as ploughing cattle, from the depredations of tigers. When the ploughing cattle go to graze, or are at work, the buffaloes are always kept on the far side.

If a tiger comes to attack the former he is soon sighted by the latter; then if the tiger be wise, he retires—quickly. For in broad daylight, seeing their foe before them, the hearts of the buffaloes are turned to rage.

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Perhaps it is the dim memory of the centuries of suffering from the tiger—before they united—and the old scores yet to be paid, the vengeance yet due. Be that as it may, the united herd with levelled horns will charge the tiger. Which the tiger knows—and clears out.

In a wild state the buffaloes act as the natural protectors of the feeble denizens of the jungle; we have seen the timid *nilghai* drinking at the midnight pool under the protection of their horns. But in the service of man the buffaloes have the opportunity of satisfying their hearts' desire, and of liquidating the ancient debt and heritage of vengeance by systematically hunting the wounded tiger—the wounded tiger, not because it is the easiest kind of hunting, but the most difficult and the most dangerous, and utterly beyond the power of man.

It is a marvellous ordination of Nature that to every animal in the jungle deadly to others there should be one special creature deadly, and sworn to eternal enmity with it. For the cobra there is the mongoose; so for the tiger the buffalo.

It happened that a party of six English sportsmen had bagged a few tigers in the jungles of the neighbourhood But the largest and the most ferocious tiger of the lot had escaped with a severe wound, and had taken refuge in a thicket, as traced by its blood. Now, to oust a wounded tiger from its lair is certain death to any man that attempts it, and if a number of men, to at least one of them.

Even if the tiger be shot simultaneously by a dozen explosive bullets, each in a vital part—nay, each through the heart, so that the heart be smashed to a pulp—the tiger will still make its dying leap and kill its nearest killer. Elephants are useless, unless brought right up to the lair, when the tiger could leap up to the howdah; besides, there are few elephants that could be induced to go so near. A battery of field-guns could be brought up, and the tiger shelled at long range. The only practical alternative is a herd of bull buffaloes.

So I advised the sahibs, for whom I was acting as *shikari*, to requisition the village herd. My little son wept in bitterness when I refused to take him, for the lair of a wounded tiger is no place for any but the most seasoned hunters. I placed the sahibs in a semi-circle on the far side of the lair, each on a tree—three at fifty yards, and three at a hundred. Then the old herdsman brought up the bull buffaloes on the near side. About a hundred yards in front of the thicket they formed in line. Already they had sniffed the tiger, and with arched backs and levelled horns were pawing the ground impatiently. I gave the word, and with a sharp snort of battle they thundered into the thicket, trampling it, cutting it into lanes.

A snarl, a roar—and the tiger leapt out on the far side, snarled again in rage—then a sharp volley from the three hunters above ripped open its sides. In blind fury the tiger turned and leapt towards the trees with a terrific roar, went past them, gathered itself up for its dying leap—and again another volley rang out, this time from the last line of hunters, and the explosive bullets* tore up the tiger's body at that close range even as it was in the act of leaping. And the dead tiger still leapt, turned a somersault in the air, came down with a thud, rolled over and over with its own impetus, then lay still.

The buffaloes had done their work in driving the wounded tiger out of its lair—the explosive bullets did the rest. But if the tiger had dared to stand its ground, the buffaloes would also have done the work of killing. The tiger knows that, and would face anything rather than them.

But it may happen that the tiger is an old brute, unable to catch the antelope, and, maddened by hunger, sneaks round villages to cut off stray cattle as its sole chance of livelihood. One evening the village was startled by the ploughing cattle, which had been grazing about a mile away, rushing in in a wild stampede. There was no time to count carefully, but someone cried out that his favourite cow was missing.

I thought only of my little son With my heart in my mouth I rushed out with my gun, followed by a crowd of villagers. I counted the minutes; the fleeing cattle could not have come the mile in fewer than five minutes; it would take us ten more to get there. What might not happen meanwhile?

And already the whole drama had been enacted and ended; for if the villain of the piece is a tiger, the scene can last ten seconds, not ten minutes. It was an old tiger maddened by hunger. Gulab had come out of the mud and was calling the ploughing cattle, when he heard a commotion and saw the cow struck down—the rest of the cattle fleeing in terror. The tiger, knowing that the buffaloes were nigh, tried to drag away its prey; then suddenly it saw the child. It seemed to realise instinctively

* The bullets are really small shells.

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that to seize the child and run away with him beyond pursuit would be far quicker than to drag the cow away or even to make a hasty meal of it.

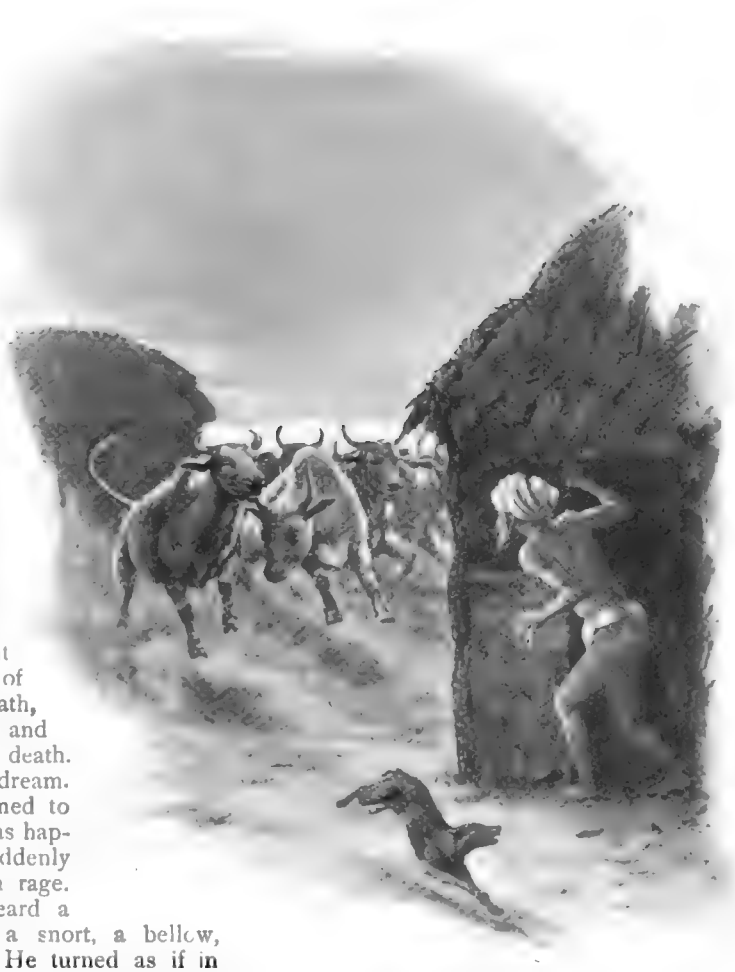
Gulab stood still fascinated. This was his first tiger, and the heart of many a grown man would have turned to water. The tiger stared at him across the body of the cow, not twenty yards away, then leapt over it, and with a slouching gait made for the child. Little Gulab never moved, but looked with round eyes at the crouching form. For the moment he might have lost all conception of his peril—his coming death, for he was but a child and knew not the meaning of death. He seemed to be in a dream.

Then vaguely he seemed to realise that something was happening. The tiger suddenly stopped and snarled in rage. In his dream Gulab heard a strange sound behind, a snort, a bellow, another, and another. He turned as if in sleep, and saw Buldeo thirty yards behind, and six others with him The rest of the herd, farther behind and somewhat to the outer side, were charging full pelt in a sweeping circle.

The tiger stood its ground—it had left the dead cow for an easier victim, and now even that was slipping out of its grasp. The average tiger would have fled, but this one was famished and desperate. It crouched for a last spring.

The forward buffaloes parted, swept past the child on either side; then the tiger sprang straight out at the gap, clearing the horns on either side. But at the sight of his friends Gulab had awakened from his dream. As Buldeo went past he grabbed at the tail—missed it, but ran with the buffaloes. Thus he escaped the tiger's leap.

The discomfited beast turned—but too late. The second line of buffaloes was



The village was startled by the ploughing cattle . . . rushing in in a wild stampede.

close upon it, and meanwhile the advanced line had stopped. Gulab clutched Buldeo's tail and ran up his back like a squirrel.

"Charge, brothers, charge!" he yelled frantically.

And Buldeo turned and charged. The tiger, caught between two lines, gave a despairing leap towards the side—but too late. The next instant it was a shapeless mass beneath Buldeo's hoofs.

And the rest, Heaven-born, we saw with our own eyes. All this had happened when we had scarcely started. Then from afar off we heard the thunder of hoofs and saw a cloud of dust. It came nearer and nearer. The whole herd was returning. I saw from afar my little Gulab seated astride upon Buldeo, waving his arms frantically. But

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why was Buldeo lagging a little behind? And why was his head persistently turned a little to the left?

A moment more and the whole herd thundered down upon us—and I realised. For a stout rope was tied to Buldeo's left horn, near the root, and the rest of the rope was trailing behind, dragging the carcase of the tiger by the neck.

I lifted up my little boy and kissed him—then, to hide my tears, rebuked him.

"*Aré*, my son, thou has spoilt the skin!"

"*Aré*, my father, the skin is mangy."

"Still, it would have fetched ten rupees."

"Is my father so feeble that he cannot kill fifty good tigers worth fifty good rupees apiece?"

Then it was I that was rebuked. "My son is a man," I said proudly, "and wiser than his father."

For I realised that the dragging of the dead tiger would embolden the herd, and also put heart into the timid villagers. They came in numbers to gloat over the body of their dead foe, pulled it about, heaped upon it opprobrious names, cut it up in parts, and carried off the whiskers, the liver and heart, to make charms and love-philtres.

That night the villagers garlanded my son with flowers, and feasted him with many sweets—so that he was very sick and happy. And as for Buldeo, in reward for this act and many others before, they decreed to grant him a life pension in old age. That is, when many years after he must resign the leadership of the herd, he would be allowed to graze wherever he pleased around the village, and enjoy a wallow in anybody's ditch, rut, or mire.

(The Next Article in this Series, which will Appear in the March Number, is Entitled "The Life History of a Tiger.")

The tiger gave a despairing leap. The next instant it was a shapeless mass beneath Buldeo's hoofs.

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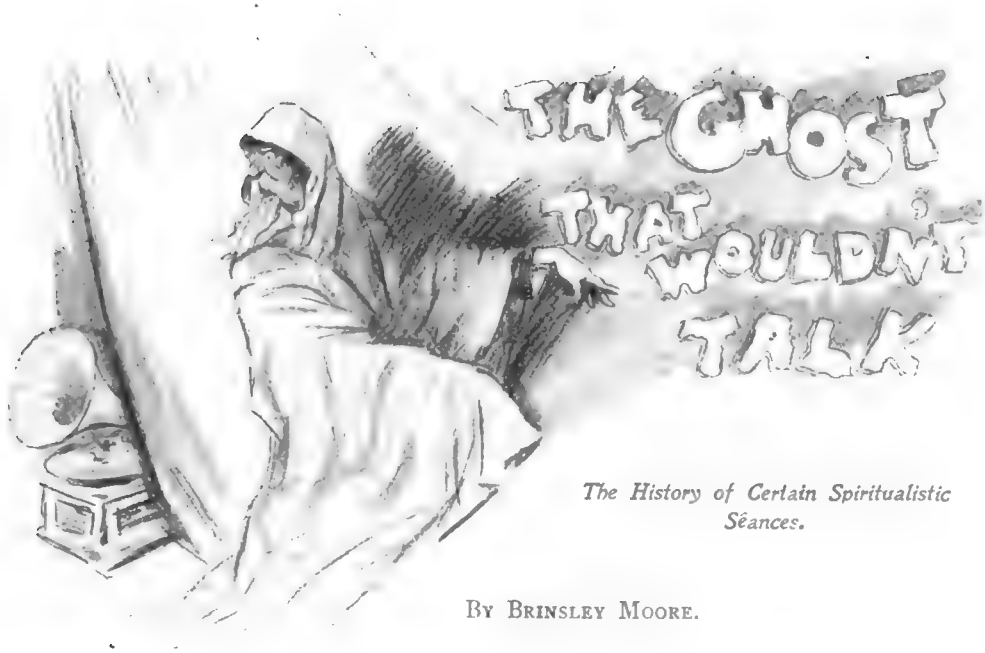

The History of Certain Spiritualistic Séances.

By Brinsley Moore.

Wot I always says about Spiritchulism is this, said the landlord, as he set the foaming tankard before me: good folks is far too 'appy to want to come back again, and bad folks is too well took care of to be let loose. I don't go so far as to say as it's *all* 'umbug, 'cause you never can tell nowadays wot'll be invented next; but I do know as there's a mighty lot of nonsense mixed up in it, to please silly folks wot is ready to swaller anythink.

We 'ad the Spiritchulists in this village once—it was Joe Field wot brought them as a speckilation. Joe 'ad bin down to wot 'e called a "see-onse" at Milltown; and when 'e quarrilled with the deakins at Ebenezer 'cause they didn't put 'im on to collect at their anniversary, he invited the Medium, as they called 'im, to come over 'ere for a week or two afore 'e went back to London.

They rented a big old workshop as was to let in the lane agen the post-office, and made it look very fine and comfortable with curtains 'ung all round the walls, and a thick carpet on the floor; and they put up a notice sayin' as meetin's would be 'eld each day at sevin p.m.

A good few turned up the first night, thinkin' as it was some noo sort of entertainment, and as the Medium was goin' to conjure; but when they found out as it was meant to be serious, and was a kind of belief, most of them dropped off, sayin' as church and chapel was quite enough religion for the size of the village.

Joe 'ad made 'imself responsible for the Medium's expenses, and it was a bit awk'ard for 'im as the thing didn't seem to draw. The Medium 'imself, wot was a pale, silent sort of a man as they called Brother Thomas, didn't seem so well satisfied, and talked of leavin' for a place where 'is efforts would be more appreciated — indeed, 'e'd already settled to go at the end of the week, when somethink 'appened wot quite altered 'is views.

Mrs. Field as lives at the big 'ouse at the cross-roads, was aunt by marriage to Joe. 'Er 'usband, old John Field, 'ad started life in a small way, but 'ad made a power of money speckilatin' in land down in Milltown; and when the railway come and the place grew, old John found 'imself the richest man round about 'ere.

But 'e was a ill-tempered, cantankerous old chap, wot led 'is wife a pretty dance, and everybody said as it was a 'appy release for 'er when 'e died—partic'lar as 'e left 'er so well off. Joe always expected as his uncle would do somethink big for 'im—indeed, there was a row of 'ouses down in the town ("Paradise Buildins," they was called) as Joe said as the old man 'ad always promised to leave 'im in 'is will. But when old John

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died, they couldn't find anythink like a will anywhere, and so it all went to the widder.

Joe often reminded 'er of 'is uncle's promise, and 'inted as he 'oped as she would respect the wishes of the diseased; but the old lady didn't seem able to recollect anythink definite about it, and said as 'er 'usband couldn't 'ave reely meant it, or 'e would 'ave wrote it down.

Joe used to call and see 'er every week after the old gentleman died, in the 'ope as 'er mem'ry would improve; and when the Spiritchulists came, 'e persuaded 'er to go with 'im one night to a "see-onse"—'e said as it would be a comfort to 'er in 'er loneliness—as 'e thought it might soften 'er 'ard 'eart.

Brother Thomas was very pleased to see 'er, especially when they told 'im 'ow rich she was. 'E put 'er in a front seat, and made 'er very comfortable; and when the meetin' was over, 'e told 'er as it was borne in on 'is mind by the spirits as a message might come from 'er 'usband any day next week. But 'e said as it 'appened most unfortunate as 'e 'ad made another engagement and would 'ave to leave on Saturday, or else forfeit five pounds.

Mrs. Field was very sorry to 'ear this, and did 'er best to persuade 'im to stay on; and the upshot was as she gave 'im the five pounds so as 'e needn't go.

Well, sure enough on the Monday night Brother Thomas got a message on a slate, sayin' as old John was well and 'appy, and 'oped as 'is wife would not grieve for 'im, as 'e was better off where 'e was. Mrs. Field said as the message was a great comfort to 'er, and took a load off 'er mind; but when she arst to see the slate, she didn't seem quite so well satisfied, and remarked as the old man's writin' 'ad altered a good deal. The Medium explained as that often 'appened with spirits, and said it was doo to "astral influences," or somethink of that sort.

She came next day full of things she 'ad bin readin', and offered Brother Thomas twenty pound if 'e could make 'er 'usband appear visible. 'E said at first as 'e couldn't do it —'e didn't claim the 'igher powers as some Mediums possessed, and all 'e could promise was some more slate-writin's.

But the old lady didn't seem to care much about that, and was so persistent on appeariences, that at last Brother Thomas said 'e would think it over, and see wot could be done.

'E 'ad a long talk afterwards with Joe to find out, as 'e said, what 'is uncle's temperature was, and 'ow 'e could best be influenced; and 'e arst such a lot of questions about the old gentleman's figger an' 'ight an' looks that in the end Joe got down the family album and showed 'im the portrait as was took just afore 'is Uncle John died.

The Medium, as was a tall, thin feller, seemed a good deal surprised as old John was so short; and 'e made such a many remarks about 'is size that Joe, bein' a little man 'imself, took it as personal, and almost quarrilled over it. But they made it up at last, and the Medium promised as 'e would get 'is brother from Newcastle, wot was very good at wot 'e called "materialisin'" spirits, to make them visible. 'E said as the cost was the main difficulty, but Mrs. Field said as money in such a case was no object, and they was to draw on 'er for all necessary expenses.

Well, at the end of the week the brother come—a little, foxy sort of feller 'e was, as you never would 'ave thought belonged to the same family as Brother Thomas. 'E called on Mrs. Field at once, and was very kind and sympathisin', and 'e promised as 'e and Brother Thomas would do their best to meet 'er wishes.

And, sure enough, on the Saturday night, in the middle of the "dark see-onse," Mrs. Field called out as she could see 'er 'usband a-standin' at the far end of the room in a faint blue light, and wavin' 'is 'and at 'er. 'E was muffled up in a big cloak wot 'id most of 'is face; but she reckernised 'im at once by 'is long, white beard and the tremblin' of 'is 'ands.

After that the Spiritchulists 'ad no cause to complain as they was neglected. The noos spread all over the village, and every night the "'All of Science," as they called the old workshop, was packed up to the doors.

Even on Sundays, when you'd 'ave thought folks would 'ave knowed better, the chapel was nearly empty, 'cos everybody 'ad gone to see the ghost; and the parish church was so thin that the Vicker preached strong on Saul and the Witch of Endor, and warned people agen dealin' with unfamiliar spirits.

But, lor bless you, it wasn't a bit of good preachin' agen it! Everybody went to see a sight like that. But Mrs. Field 'erself, though she was very proud as 'er family was the favoured one, was a bit disappointed as the ghost didn't talk more. The second night 'e came, she called out and arst 'im whether 'e still wished 'er to give Joe the 'ouses in "Paradise Buildins"; but the

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Well, sure enough on the Monday night Brother Thomas got a message on a slate.

spirit seemed puzzled-like by the question, and after a good deal of 'esitation said in a deep, far-off sort of voice:

"The love of covechusness is the root of all evil."

Joe was very pleased at this, and after the meetin' said as it clearly meant as 'is aunt was too avericious, and ought to give up wot 'ad been promised.

But Mrs. Field took it the other way, and understood it as a rebuke to Joe for tryin' to get some of 'er property. She said, too, as 'er 'usband's voice was a deal more 'usky than it used to be, and she feared as 'e 'adn't been properly looked after, and was ketchin' cold. She wanted the Medium to remind 'im as "Cherry Pictorial" was the thing as used to do 'im most good, and was always a 'armless remedy.

But Brother Thomas explained as 'er ideas was too earthly and unspiritchule. 'E said as 'e 'ad often noticed as spirits seemed to catch cold in these cases, as might be doo to change of climate; but 'e 'inted pretty plain as, when they did take the trouble to come, they objected very strong indeed to bein' criticised and remarked on.

Whether 'e was right about this I don't undertake to say—'e seemed to know a deal more about ghosts and their little ways than anybody else as I 'ave ever come across; but it's a sing'lar thing that from that night for'ard the spirit would never utter another sound. 'E appeared as usual at almost every meetin', and waved 'is arms about and shook 'is 'ead very solemn; but, though both Joe and Mrs. Field did their best to get 'im to settle the question of "Paradise Buildin's," and tell them wot 'e reely wished, never a word could they get 'im to say.

It was just about this time as Joe's cousin,

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Charley Wiggins, come down to stay with 'im for a day or two. Charley was in some 'lectric works in London, and was a sharp sort o' chap as always wanted to see anythink as was a-goin' on; and, of course, the very first night as 'e was 'ere, Joe takes 'im off to the "'All of Science" with 'im. But after it was over, Charley said as 'e thought it was a very poor show.

"For," 'e said, "only think wot Maskylin' an' Cook would 'ave made of a thing like this. A few 'lectric bells 'idden about the room to startle folks, coloured flash-lights, and some tambourines on wires—that 'ud liven you up a bit. An' I'd 'ave a phonygraph, too, with a stock of sootible records, so as the ghosts could speak when you wanted them to, instead of keepin' you sittin' there for hours like loonatics, waitin' for messages wot don't come. That's my idea of Spiritchulism—a reel talkin' phonygraph 'idden be'ind the curtains."

"But," says Joe, with a very grave face, "that 'ud be cheatin'."

"Which, of course, the rest of the business isn't," says Charley with a wink. "Well, any'ow, my opinion is as ghosts wot could talk and won't talk ought to be made to talk. And a phonygraph be'ind the curtain is the surest way of 'elpin' them to do it."

He kep' 'arpin' so much on this that by the time they got to bed Joe began to think as there was somethink in it. And the result was as they both went up to London next day by the early train. Charley took Joe to a place in the Strand where you could buy a good phonygraph cheap complete, with six specimen records thrown in.

Joe didn't want to take the records, as they was either military bands or comic songs, and unsootible for the purpose; but the man said as they went with the machine, and there would be no reduction if 'e left them, so 'e put them in 'is bag, and said they would do to amuse the children afterwards.

Then they went upstairs, and Charley explained as they wanted a special record made for a joke; and they was showed into a room where Joe imitated 'is Uncle John's voice as well as 'e could remember, and spoke a speech into a big brass funnel wot made the records. It said as 'ow 'e found 'e couldn't rest in 'is grave until justice was done; that 'e always intended 'is dear nevvy Joseph to 'ave the property in "Paradise Buildin's"; and 'e 'inted at all sorts of dreadful things as would probably occur if 'is wishes were not carried out at once.

When the record was finished, they put it in the bag with the rest, and went off to another shop where Charley bought about twenty feet of noomatic toob with a bulb at the end to work the phonygraph from a distance.

On the way back they 'ad the railway-carriage all to theirselves, and Charley explained to Joe 'ow to put on the record and fix the toob. 'E told 'im 'ow the phonygraph was to be 'idden be'ind the curtain at the far end of the 'all where the ghost always appeared, and the toob carried round the room to the chair wot Joe used to sit on.

"Then," says 'e, "all you 'ave to do is to squeege the bulb when you want it to go off, and squeege agen when you want it to stop."

The train was a bit late that night, so they was obliged to 'urry straight up to the "'All" to get there afore the people began to come in. Both the Mediums was there already; but Joe 'ad arranged for a boy to come with a message as Brother Thomas was wanted pertickler at the post-office, while Charley Wiggins took off the other Medium for a stroll outside to consult 'im about somethink wot 'e said was troublin' 'is mind.

While they was absent, Joe fixed up 'is phonygraph at the back of the curtain and wound it up ready to go off. 'E 'ad to work almost in the dark, as 'e daren't turn the lights on lest anybody should see wot 'e was up to, and it 'ad to be done in a 'urry 'cause 'e knew as the Medium might come back any minit an' ketch 'im; but 'e'd arranged it all nicely, and carried the toobin' round be'ind the curtains to the place where 'e was goin' to sit, when Brother Thomas returned, and people began to drop in.

After the usual rappin's and spellin' out messages with a big alpherbet, and other things of that sort, Brother Thomas got up and made a speech. 'E said as this was a solemn occasion for them all, as it was probably the last appearance of the spirit, 'cause 'is brother 'ad to leave next day for a important ingagement in the North. 'E went on to point out as the village 'ad bin 'ighly favoured in the manifestations as 'ad been granted to it, and 'e 'oped as it would 'ave a good effect, and as they would live better lives for it. 'E used such big words and talked so solemn as even the children wot was present kep' quiet, and Will Pritchett's niece, wot was delicut an' 'ad been in the asylum, went off in 'ighsterics and 'ad to be took out.

Then the Medium lay down on a sofy and put 'isself into a sort of fit, very stiff and

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white, and they turned out the lights and waited for the ghost.

For a long time nothink 'appened, and Joe was a-thinkin' as they'd 'ad all their trouble for no purpose; but presently there was a sort o' blue mist at the far end of the room, and the ghost began to appear. Just as 'e came well into view and was raisin' 'is 'and towards them, Joe stooped down and squeeged the bulb, and the voice began:

"Ladies and gentlemen——"

Everybody started at that, as you may guess, and there are some wot was present as said afterwards as the ghost 'isself was surprised, and turned round sudden to see where 'is voice was comin' from.

"Of course you know there are three kinds of eggs. First of all there is the new-laid egg, which, of course, is practically extinct. Then there is the fresh egg, which is like the other, only more so. Then there is *the egg*—THE EGG—that's the fellow I'm talking about now——"

They was all very much surprised to find Joe Field crawlin' under the seats.

"Desh it!" says Charley under 'is breath long before it got to this. "You silly idjut, you've put on the wrong record—that's Dan Leno. Why don't yer stop the thing?—Squeege the bulb, man; squeege the bulb as 'ard as you can!"

"I can't," says Joe from under 'is chair. "I've dropped the toob and can't find it."

'Ere a young woman wot was sittin' next to Joe jumped up and shrieked out as someone kept ketchin' 'old of 'er feet, and a lot of folks got up and began to call for Brother Thomas. In the darkness and confusion, nobody seemed to know wot to do. The ghost itself 'ad disappeared, but the voice was still agoin' on steady:

"Mark you, I'm fond of eggs myself——"

Joe managed 'ere to ketch 'old of the bulb and stop the machinery just afore the lights was turned up. But lor! what a rumpus there was! Some shouted one thing an' some another, and they was all very much surprised to find Joe Field crawlin' under the seats.

Brother Thomas tried to quiet them down. But old Mrs. Field called out as the Mediums was wicked imposturers wot 'ad done 'er out of a lot of money by false pretensions; and the meetin' got more excited, and wanted to search the 'all to find out 'ow it was done.

There was such a babil at last that the village constable came in to see wot they was up to. 'E soon 'ad them all out, and told Brother Thomas as it would be 'is dooty to report the case to 'eadquarters.

But next mornin', when Joe and Charley went round early to try and explain things quietly, they found as both the Mediums 'ad gone off in the night without payin' for their lodgin's. Joe's phonygraph 'ad gone, too, so I fancy Brother Thomas 'ad taken it with 'im as a noo idea for future "see-onses."

The bag with the records, and a bill made out to "Mr. J. Field," was found in the cloak-room, and was sent by mistake to Mrs. Field, with the result as she would never speak to Joe agen. So, you see, all round they was most of them rather sick of the business.

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

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A WEIRD CARRIAGE.

To a world accustomed to ride in its Panhards and Daimlers, there is something almost uncanny about this venerable fragment of antiquity which may be seen almost any day in the streets of Citta Vecchia, the one time capital of Malta.

The vehicle belongs to an elderly lady who has come down in the world, and this clumsy *calessa* is practically the only remaining testimony to her former greatness. The old dame is very religious, and, though poor, still drives to and from church in her remarkable carriage.

It speaks volumes for her courage that she should consent to enter the *calessa* at all, for if the horse were to fall, the occupant would have quite as uncomfortable an experience as the unfortunate tenant of a hansom cab when the steed comes to grief.

And when one considers that the horse attached to her conveyance is quite as out-of-date as the chariot, the aged lady's pluck seems greater than ever.

Still, *noblesse oblige*, and true to the traditions of her erstwhile grandeur, the aged dame sallies forth in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of her crazy carriage, and will no doubt continue to do so until death claims either her or her ancient horse.

Photo *S. Prior.*

"Where there's a will there's a way." The kitten, unable to reach the milk at the bottom of the glass with its nose, inserted its paw in the vessel, and then licked the paw.

THE PERSEVERING PUSSY CAT.

MAN should never be ashamed to learn a lesson from the lower animals, and here is a good opportunity to take an ordinary cat as an example of patience and perseverance. The intelligent creature one day discovered a glass which had contained milk, wherein a little still lingered, but, alas! right at the bottom where the cat's tongue could not reach it.

What was to be done? There was the milk, and there was the thirsty cat. Surely a means of connecting the two could not be far distant.

Then the cat had an inspiration. Inserting one fore-leg in the glass, it steeped its paw in milk and proceeded to lick it. This process was repeated until the milk had all disappeared, when the cat departed in triumph.

The well worn story of King Bruce and the spider, which has done its work faithfully in the past, might be relieved from duty in future by that of the cat and the milk glass.

Photo *Exclusive News Agency.*

This remarkable carriage may be seen in daily use in the streets of Citta Vecchia, Malta. It belongs to an old lady who has fallen on bad times, and is a relic of her departed glory.

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A DOG THAT CLIMBS TREES.

THE tree-climbing proclivities of this dog have never been cultivated by his owner, and he is entirely self-taught.

He first took to arboreal exercise with the object of attempting to capture a nest of young birds, and succeeded in pulling down the nest. Since then he has made many "ascents"; indeed, there are very few fruit trees in the garden that he has not climbed. "Sammy" finds going up easier than getting down, and has several times been unable to descend without help, giving notice of his wish by barking.

With the aid of the big claws which dachshunds possess he can mount a tree at considerable speed, and uses his long muzzle and teeth on a branch to lever himself up by pressing downwards with his chin.

Although he has been climbing for some considerable time, he has never yet met with a mishap, though not long ago he slipped off a high wall, being so badly shaken that he has since been unable to follow his amusement with much zest.

Photo *H. Ancell*

This dachshund has an extraordinary passion for tree-climbing, and although he cannot always get down again, never meets with a mishap.

WATERING INDIAN ROADS.

"EAST is East and West is West," and the ways of the one are not the ways of the other. This difference crops up even in methods of watering the roads. Everyone is aware how this operation is performed in England, but in India the public highway is irrigated in quite another fashion. When watering has to be done, a number of *bhistis*, or water carriers, assemble, each armed with a goatskin full of water. These functionaries then patrol the road three or more abreast, according to its width, letting the water escape by the necks of the skins, and regulating the flow by pressure of their hands.

Marching along with the inflated skins under their arms they are not unlike the pipers of a Highland regiment in appearance.

But the thirst of the roads and the small dimensions of the goat-skins make this rather a tedious business.

Still, it is one of the customs of the country, and, after all, the *bhisti* is a more picturesque figure than the average pilot of a municipal water-cart.

In India the *bh sti*, or water carrier, waters the roads by means of goatskins filled with water, the flow of which is controlled at the neck of the skin.

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A spill at the jump on the Park Slide—no bones broken.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

A Club Toboggan Track in Montreal.

"Toboggan" is the Indian's name for his means of transporting luggage and personal effects over the trackless, snow-covered regions of Eastern Canada, and the early settlers and trappers quickly discovered that with its help a man on snowshoes could, with less exertion, convey three times the weight he could carry on his back. The toboggan was made of long, thin strips of birch, ash, or hickory, bound to crossbars with deer sinews, and bent up in front to mount the snow where a sleigh on runners would cut into it and bury itself. When there was a downward slope, the trapper would remove his snowshoes, mount his toboggan, and career lightheartedly on his way. No one knows the exact date when it occurred to someone to turn tobogganing into a sport, but long before 1860, "Brehaut's Hill" was the favourite tobogganing ground of the inhabitants of Montreal.

Any hill steep enough, free from dangerous obstructions, and sufficiently covered with snow, suits the Indian toboggan. Canadian youth of both sexes commences its education in this branch of winter sport from five years of age, and may be seen taking elementary runs on a wooden shovel or a couple of barrel staves. Tobogganing clubs, for the benefit of the "enthusiastic duffer," prepare artificial courses with divided chutes, on which it is not possible to come to much harm. As many as five chutes, alongside one another, are kept busy, toboggans starting on each of them at intervals of a few seconds. The expert, however, disdains things like these, and prefers to go his own wilful way down a hitherto untravelled declivity, gracefully avoiding any trees, rocks, houses, etc., that may lie in his path.

Photo. Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

Near the head of the slide. The starting point is from the raised platform in the background.

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The Taming of the Ogre

The Story of How an American Girl Achieved It.

By Chris Sewell.

"See, Elinor, isn't that just too beautiful for words?"

Oona Brankstone, M.D., touched her friend's shoulder and indicated a glorious avenue which wound up to a stately house. High railings and iron-barred gates, though they gave an inhospitable finish, could not detract from the picturesqueness of the scene.

Elinor Ancaster—the doctor's companion on the walking tour which she (Oona) had planned "just to give me some sort of intimacy with this microscopic island of yours"—nodded and then looked mysterious.

"I wonder your transatlantic curiosity does not prompt you to call and suggest that we should inspect the premises," she observed mischievously.

"I'd like to most enormously. Do you suppose the owner would object?"

"My dear, I don't think you'd come out alive."

Dr. Oona skipped with delight.

"How *per*-fectly fascinating!" she exclaimed. She slipped her hand through her companion's arm.

"Who is the owner—*what* is the owner—*why* is the owner? Do tell."

"It's called 'Inchanga,'" Elinor began—"the place, I mean. The owner is Sir Graeme Acton."

"I like the name," commented her listener, "it sounds sort of strong—push on, please."

"He's—well, judging by what one hears, he must be a most terrifying person—not to say an eccentric one."

"That would be a charm," murmured Oona, "you're all so sweetly conventional this side—now I won't interrupt again—go ahead, Elinor!"

"Well, then, to begin with, he loathes women. All his servants are men. He guards the place like a dragon. Trespassers are his *bête noire*. There is a story that he once shot a poacher himself, and had to pay exorbitant sums to the man afterwards by way of compensation. They *do* say" (Miss Ancaster lowered her voice) "that he's got a wife shut up in the Tower who's a lunatic, and that's what embittered him and made him such a thorough-paced misogynist.

Dr. Brankstone stroked the blue serge arm on which her hand rested.

"My!" she said, "but you've made me more inquisitive than I can express. I wish we were staying on here another day."

At this point they turned a sudden corner, and came upon the village Inn.

"Well, we don't know what may be in store for us yet," observed Miss Ancaster drily; "but as this is our resting place for to-night, I suggest that, instead of speculating, we go in and order tea."

* * * * *

It is not given to many people to realise their heart's desire, and Dr. Oona was duly grateful when she found the one benefit to be derived from a sick headache—developed by her companion on the following morning—was

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that it would keep them another day in the desirable neighbourhood. She made Elinor comfortable, gave her a soothing draught, and started off with a little jump of joy to reconnoitre.

First she walked briskly to the high, iron gates, and gazed doubtfully at their formidable spikes and general unfriendliness, and then she passed thoughtfully on. She wanted to formulate a plan for calling at the house, but her natural *and* national ingenuity did not seem to be able to compass it. The day was remarkably hot, and discovering that she had strayed on quite half-a-mile beyond the ogre's abode, she decided to rest and read a book she had brought for that purpose if time should happen to hang heavily. The road along which she walked was flanked by a shady wood. The sun was hot. It was the work of a moment to scale the low railings and ensconce herself beneath a tree.

The soft rustle of leaves and the low, monotonous hum of insects—though she struggled to fix her attention on the volume—gradually stole away her senses. She fell soundly and peacefully asleep.

Out of a long and involved dream, in which the ogre with fiery eyes and octopus-like hands strode down Wall Street to the confusion of traffic, she woke with a start and a suppressed scream.

She *felt* more than she saw—a presence in her immediate vicinity, and for a moment the real and unreal were closely blended.

She jumped up—her heart beating—imagining it must be the ogre himself. She was relieved to find it was only a dark, broad-shouldered man in tweeds carrying a gun—a gentleman obviously, and not a particularly good-tempered one, judging by his expression.

"Did you—did you want anything?" she asked nervously—it was the only question that suggested itself.

The broad man smiled grimly. "I have a curious but perhaps natural predilection for my own property," he said drily; "that's all. Probably you are not aware that you are using *my* woods for your siesta?"

A light dawned upon Oona. "My!" she said, striving to keep the twinkle that threatened from her eyes, "you don't mean that these woods are private property?"

"There's a notice-board to that effect, if you'd troubled to look," said the man icily.

"That there isn't!" cried Oona with spirit—"not along this side. I looked right around before I ventured."

"Come with me." The voice was dictatorial. Oona was now perfectly convinced it was the ogre, and her spirits rose with anticipation.

He strode in front of her along the edge of the woods.

Presently he stopped dead, and consigned most of his retainers to the uttermost ends of the earth.

"It's fallen down," he cried "and not one of those lazy hounds has moved a finger to pick it up again."

He bent down among the bushes as he spoke, and began to raise the submerged board to its proper place.

Oona, standing by, waited with interest for what would happen next. What *did* happen was entirely unexpected and startling.

The gun which the man held became mixed up with a twig adhering to the notice-board.

There was a sharp explosion and a groan, and then some reassuring but muffled and most unparliamentary language.

At any rate, whoever he might be, he was not dead.

Oona darted forward, and saw with relief that he was examining a badly wounded and profusely bleeding hand.

"I'm a careless fool," he snapped, looking up with a face that was already becoming very white. "You'd—you'd better get home—and another time don't take it for granted that every wood you see is *pro bono publico*. Do you hear what I say? This—ugh—this isn't going to be a very edifying spectacle for girls."

Oona flushed. "I'm sorry for the girls it's been your lot to meet," she answered him; "anyway, *this* one won't budge till she's got that hand ship-shape. Oh! you needn't wince—there's no time to fetch my diplomas now, but I guess I'm as safe as most of your village doctors."

What would have happened had Sir Graeme Acton (for it was he) been in his normal condition, it is not safe to divine. As it was, loss of blood and sharp pain were gradually making him dizzy. He found himself sinking down at the foot of a tree, whilst soft hands composed him into a comfortable position. As in a dream, he felt his injured hand deftly bandaged with a torn handkerchief, and then a voice which sounded curiously sweet and caressing said: "Say, do you think you could get up to the house with my assistance? I want to see this thing through."

The old manservant who let them in looked as if he had seen several apparitions at once;

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but Oona swept his petrifaction aside without more ado.

"See, here," she explained, "your master's damaged himself. I'm a doctor, though I guess you're thinking I don't look it. Put him down on a comfortable sofa and fetch me a basin of hot water —*hot*, mind—and a little brandy, and then send someone scurrying off to the nearest drug-store. I'll tell the messenger what I need when he's ready to start."

The elderly butler was literally scared into obedience.

As in a dream, he felt his injured hand deftly bandaged with a torn handkerchief.

In due course Oona progressed from first aid to a serious surgical dressing, and finally the ogre sat up on his sofa, pale but comfortable.

"You'll do now." There was satisfaction in Oona's voice as she adjusted the sling she had improvised. "Don't touch it till to-morrow. Say, though, I forgot! You'll be getting your own physician in?"

The ogre regarded her with eyes very full of expression, though she couldn't quite translate his glance.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he said; "he's a cackling old woman—if you'll only be so very good as to complete what you've undertaken?"

"Why, certainly, I'd much rather," cried Miss Brankstone naïvely, regardless of walking tours and indisposed friends. "You just lie low to-day, and we'll see how things look to-morrow morning."

He got up from his chair and held out his sound hand. "And you don't even know who I am?" he said almost wistfully.

"There you're mistaken—I knew—well, almost at once—you're Sir Graeme Acton!"

"The village doesn't call me that," he said, smiling bitterly.

"The village calls you the ogre," Oona told him, reproducing his smile and adding to it several dimples of her own.

"They say very curious things about me, don't they?"

"I don't know. I've not heard much except—"

"Well?"

"That you shoot poachers and keep a crazy wife in the turret—and—now I've seen you, I don't believe it."

Sir Graeme's face was a study. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "that such inventive faculty should be wasted in these wilds!" Suddenly he stopped and held up his hand to enjoin silence. "Listen," he intreated, and his face grew very tender; "*that's* my crazy wife—she seems happy enough, doesn't she?"

Oona's heart thumped, but she strained her ears obediently, and through the folding doors which separated the study from another apartment, came the sound of a high-pitched, sweet, childish voice raised in song.

"That's a boy," said Oona: "those high notes of his are like a bird's—does he belong to you?"

"Yes." Sir Graeme paused a minute, looking at her steadily. "At any rate, I don't know *your* name," he added irrelevantly.

"Brankstone—Oona Brankstone."

"Well—Dr. Brankstone, I'm not a man who acts on impulse, as a rule, but I can trust you. I'm going to show you the secret of the ogre's Castle—the secret that these curious country folks would give their several heads to know. I'm going to take you into my Bluebeard's chamber."

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A feeling of sudden triumph welled up in Oona's heart. She thought of Elinor—she thought of many things; this was adventure if you like!

Sir Graeme rose, and, walking rather slowly across the intervening space, he threw open the folding doors.

The room he disclosed was a delightful apartment, bright and cheery and furnished to suit the taste of childhood. Near the window in an invalid chair sat a boy with long curls — a beautiful boy — perfect in form and feature, save that the face was quite blank and expressionless; it was the face of one whose mind is so much stunted as to be practically absent.

"His mother died at his birth," said Sir Graeme softly. "He was a fine, healthy boy, at first. Two years ago he had a terrible accident—fell from a dogcart on to his head. Since then he has been exactly as you see him. I've been a fool, perhaps, but he was my all in all, and I couldn't let curious eyes rest upon him—I couldn't let curious tongues speculate about him. I bought this place, and brought him here to see if absolute quiet and the good air would do anything. My servants have been with me for years—they are not allowed to mention the child. Since I have lived here, no one outside my own grounds has so much as caught a glimpse of him. I have hoped against hope that he might get better and that I might show him to the world, but the doctor gives no hope now."

Oona, watching his face, saw that it had grown very drawn. Being a woman of quick perception, she knew something of what the possession of an idiot son must be to this proud man.

"I'm so sorry," she said gently. "May I examine him? Don't think me an interfering creature who wants to ram her profession down everyone's throat—but I have a special reason."

"Examine him by all means!" Sir Graeme said. "Bobbie, this lady wants to look at you."

He went to the child and bent over him with infinite tenderness.

"Lady," the child repeated vacantly, and stroked his father's face.

Oona stepped up smiling, and laid a capable white hand upon the boy's head; she had a knack with children that had made her greatly beloved in a big children's hospital in New York. She threw herself heart and soul into her diagnosis, and raised her head every now and then to ask a question. The boy laughed foolishly and played with her hair.

At last, gently releasing his hands, she stood up.

"Sir Graeme," she said slowly, "God forbid that I should raise hopes in any father's heart—hopes that were never to be realised. But I am of opinion that pressure—a bone constriction which I can't explain to the unsurgical—is at the bottom of this. There's just one man in the world who could make your boy as other children. Mind, I make no promise, but I've seen a similar case treated by him with entire success. It's Dr. Syce Connor, of New York—in my humble opinion the only man in the world for obscure brain trouble."

She was a little startled when Sir Graeme seized her arm in a vice-like grip. "You're not playing with me?" he breathed hoarsely. "You really think it?"

"I do. It would necessitate an operation—a nasty operation, perhaps, but it would be worth it."

"Worth it?" he whispered. "I wonder if you can remotely fancy what it would mean to me?"

Something in his tone brought an unmanageable lump to Oona's throat She laughed shakily to disguise it, then she held out her hand. "Well, I'm on a walking tour with an English friend," she said, "and I'm neglecting her shamefully. Good-bye till to-morrow. Meanwhile, think over what I've said."

"I will," he said fervently. "God bless you!"

* * * * *

When she got back to the inn, Oona found Miss Ancaster better, but still somewhat languid.

"Well," she asked, raising her head from the pillow as her friend entered, "have you *quite* tamed him?"

"Quite!"

"I suppose he was really pleased to see you?"

"I think so—in the end," said Oona, sitting on the bed, and removing her hat thoughtfully; "anyway, I'm going again to-morrow."

Then slowly, and for her rather nervously, she told Miss Ancaster of the morning's happenings.

At the end of the story Miss Ancaster was sitting up in bed, all memory of a headache having disappeared, saying: "Well I do think you Americans get the best out of life! Now, I might have sat in a damp wood for a week, and no one would have shot themselves for my—er—amusement."

And she was by no means soothed when

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Oona patted her hand and laughed rather abstractedly.

* * * * *

The next morning Dr Brankstone found her patient progressing well.

He was sitting at his desk with a Cunard sailing list in his sound hand.

"I'm going to follow your advice," he said, with what was evidently characteristic abruptness. "Suppose it makes him worse —suppose it kills him?"

"Then you will curse the day you met me," said Oona, trying to speak lightly, "and prosecute me for trespassing. But if it answers my most sanguine expectations, which I think and believe it will——"

Sir Graeme fixed his dark eyes upon her.

"Then," he said very deliberately, "I shall be a normal man once more— fit to associate with my kind—then I shall come home and search you out wherever you may be."

"I shall be in London." Oona flushed in spite of herself. "I've bought a practice there."

"Then," he continued, his eyes still on her, "I shall thank you in my own way."

* * * * *

A year later Dr. Brankstone sat in her small consulting room, brooding on the dispirited fact that the achieving of a London practice is rather uphill work.

Suddenly she was abruptly disturbed by a neat maid to announce a gentleman "on business."

"Show him in," said Oona wearily.

He entered almost before the maid. He held a fine, intelligent-looking boy by the hand. He looked young and handsome and human. "Ogre" was the last title one could have applied to him.

He lifted the child on to her lap, and poured out his story in the old impetuous way that she remembered.

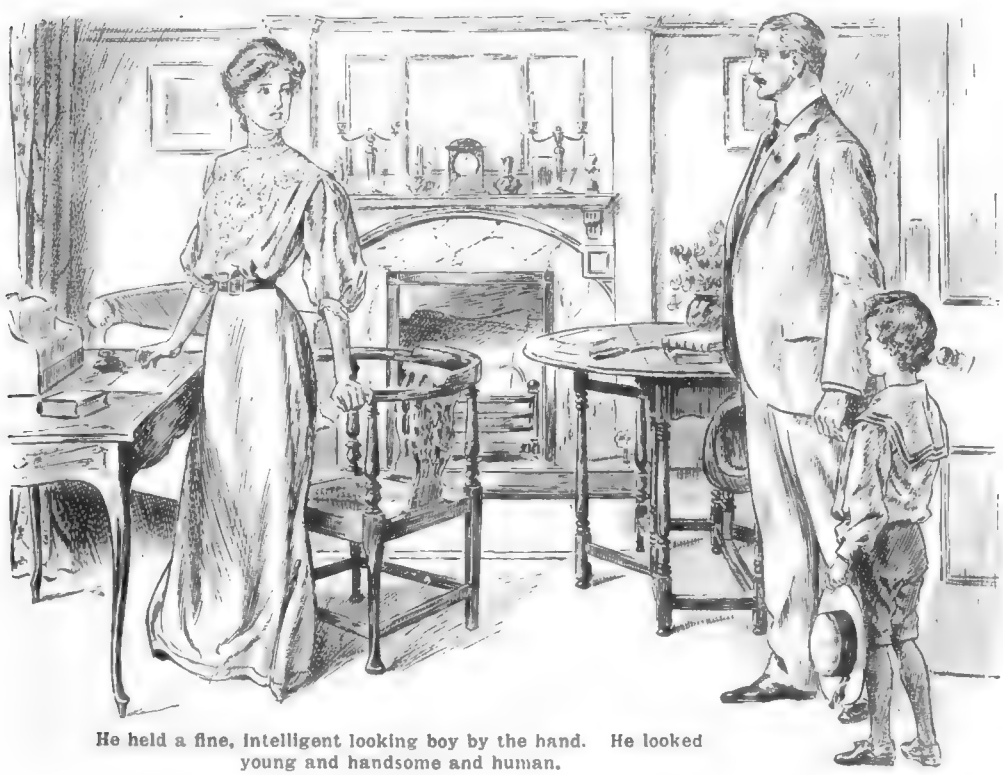
He did not even spare time for a proper greeting.

"He's got all that life can give him now," he finished, with his hand on his son's shoulder, "except one thing."

"What's that?" Oona asked, stroking the boy's cheek.

"A mother, and he's going to have that soon."

"Is he?" said Oona feebly. Then she felt a pair of strong arms round her and knew it was useless to combat the inevitable —even if she wanted to do so.



He held a fine, intelligent looking boy by the hand. He looked young and handsome and human.

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WOMAN AND DRESS

Photo *Henri Manuel.*

A group of professional *mannequins*, or girls who show off gowns before customers. The frock worn by the girl in the centre is worth £1,000 on account of its rare lace. Some *mannequins* are professional actresses.

By Jean Worth,
Of Paris,
The World-Renowned Costumier.

The Royal *is indeed fortunate in enrolling among its many distinguished contributors M. Jean Worth, supreme Master of Modes, Creator of Fashions for the women of the world these fifty years.*

Before the dazzling Court of the Tuileries was swept away, the Worths were making the young and lovely Empress Eugénie sole arbiter of the feminine world in the matter of dress. From her Throne, as it were, by the Third Napoleon's side Charles Worth swayed all the nations.

And since that day the House of Worth has dressed almost all the Royal ladies in Christendom, together with the wives and daughters of the rich and powerful of all the earth, from London and Paris to Moscow and Madrid, from New York to Buenos Ayres.

Merely to give a list of Worth patrons would result in a whole Almanach de Gotha—every name in royal and aristocratic annals during the last half century would figure therein. And these august patrons naturally turn year after year to this great Temple of Modes, whose motto is "Obtenir et Tenir"—"*To Achieve and to Keep*"

To carry out this, however, the Worths must please; and often enough to please means running directly counter to expressed tastes, as we shall see.

To-day Jean Worth is said to know the figures and beauty secrets of every Court. He is the artists' soul that designs the superb gown of Tsaritsa and Kaiserin. Our own Queen, too—"the best-dressed woman in Europe"—is his pupil. Bernhardt and Dusé, Melba and Patti, with a hundred others of like rank have owed at least some of their social success to this Wizard of Fashion—this weaver of magical masks that enhance Beauty's charm, that change defects into positive graces, and make the term "ugly" absolutely inapplicable to any woman or girl.

It is this supreme authority on dress who now speaks to the women of the British Empire as he has never before been prevailed upon to speak to any public audience. *For a man uniquely placed must necessarily have a distaste for publicity, because supreme discretion is incumbent upon him above all things by reason of the exalted rank of his patrons.*

However, one of our staff was sent specially to Paris armed with letters of introduction to M. Worth; and at length he was prevailed upon to write for us these remarkable "sermons" out of the vast resources of his subtle artistry and world-wide experience of Woman and Dress.

There is, therefore, not a woman or girl of whatever rank of life, whatever personal traits, who should miss reading these articles and putting them by for reference. More valuable advice—certainly more weighty—was never given in a popular journal. For the speaker is supreme arbiter of Fashion, even in Paris, the home of Fashion. And his words are a liberal education.

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I.—THE LURE OF "THE LATEST."

The Mistaken Worship of Novelty—Charms of Simplicity—Clothes Should be Few but Good—How to Tone Down a Clumsy Waist—Advantages of Fencing—Advice to the Stout Woman—Good and Bad Corsets.

My father, Charles Worth, claimed he possessed courage and skill. He put "courage" first because it was always needed to curb the craze of the modern woman for "something new"—whether it became her or not. That craze, I am sorry to say, is growing among the unwise, and calls forth the traditional firmness of this house.

The women of to-day crave some "new" fashion, some "new" colour. Do they care what it is, whether intrinsically beautiful or merely ugly? Not at all. So long as it is *new*, all is well.

Women are wont to change the colour of their hair and the tint of their complexions—not at all to their advantage. For after all Nature *does* know best. Some seem to think it a pity they are unable to change the colour of their eyes, so that to-day these may be pink, to-morrow purple, the next day green, and the fourth blue! *Mesdames*, it is a disease, this mania for change — though, indeed, I ought not to preach against it, commercially speaking, for it is financially splendid for us dressmakers.

Personally, however, I must raise my voice as an artist, for that is my element, the one I have most at heart. And I marvel that women fuss so greatly about their clothes. They worry over them far too much. Not only must the modes be changed for them weekly, daily—almost hourly. Not only must new colours, sometimes very ugly ones, be invented for them—for all the pretty colours are old—but the women of to-day possess toilettes that are fantastically elaborate; gowns that are a complete *mêlée* of materials. In them you will see lace of one type destroying the beauty of lace of another, and of itself as well. Silk embroideries and glittering *paillettes* vie for supremacy. Here a dab of cloth, and there one of velvet, interspersed with galon, fringe, tassels, and fur, build up a *motif* as tawdry as it is pretentious, as vulgar as it is hideous.

I shall not be uttering honied syllables when I give out the word *simplicity* as my text, and tell you how I dislike and despise the tendency of this age towards mere glitter and show and novelty for the sake of novelty, rather than an advance in taste. Let me assure you, *mesdames*, that there is too much of all this, and the effect that is really imposing must be gained by other means than piling alien materials, all beautiful apart, into one meaningless jangle, hopelessly out of tune.

I dislike immensely the blouse that is partly Cluny and partly Valenciennes, with *entredeux* of *point de Venise* and interspersed

Photo *Henri Manuel*

The private office of two "first hands." These ladies often draw salaries equal to that of a Prime Minister, and drive in their own carriages.

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squares of *filet* and embroidered cambric. Then again, to me it is sacrilege to mate lace and fur, two exquisite media in their proper place, but so completely opposite in character that a union between them is impossible if harmony is to be the result.

"Old-fashioned" is accounted a fearsome phrase by the unthinking, by those lacking true genius in dress. Yet believe me, it would be vastly better for the beauty of the world if women would revert to the spirit of sweet reasonableness that inspired their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and regarded dress in an entirely different light from the garish one that now envelops it.

Fifty years ago—yes, even twenty—the well-dressed woman thought herself fully equipped if in her wardrobe half-a-dozen new gowns found a place each season, or each year, according to the requirements of her position or her husband's. These she wore steadily through season after season, with slight alterations, rejoicing in beauty of fabric rather than in extravagance of design. It was then that the silk trade of Lyons flourished so well and produced materials it was a delight to handle.

And when winter came my lady's summer robes were carefully packed away in cedar. Then were brought forth her frocks of velvet, silk, and cloth, as well as her furs, reeking of camphor probably for a few days, because they had been packed away in that preservative to keep them from the ravages of marauding moths.

No false pride prevented those women of a bygone age, who would now be dubbed shockingly old-fashioned and unpresentable, from wearing their toilettes time after time, even at the same houses where they visited. But what do we see to-day? A gown once seen in its wearer's "set" is worthy only to be cast aside. And as for a frock preserved from last summer for wear this year—perish the thought! It is *banal*, absurd, unheard of!

Nevertheless, I tell you that one of the best-dressed women in all Paris—perhaps the best among them, buys only three toilettes a year! But those three are perfect in taste, in fit, in materials. They are made of the choicest fabrics of their kind with rare skill, and they accord marvellously with their wearer. Then, too, this woman knows to a nicety how to put on her gowns; how to add just where it is wanted a corsage knot of blossom, a piece of real old lace, or a suitable jewel. And *voilà*—the result is exquisitely *comme il faut*—just what is beautiful and subtly telling.

Yet, mark you, she is not the type of woman at whom everyone in the street will stare. Her vogue is not merely to attract attention. But those who see the perfectly-gowned one say to themselves, perhaps without knowing why: "*There* is real distinction; that is a woman supremely well dressed!"

Now, here is some valuable secret. It is surely worth while knowing how to put on a frock and how to give it those finishing touches of artistry that are necessary to complete the beauty and charm? You understand what I am leading up to in this my first discourse? I am advising the canonisation of simplicity rather than crude straining after violent effect.

But observe this: it is *not* a simplicity that necessarily argues less expenditure in dress. The merely extravagant—that is to say those who strain every nerve and misuse the energies of fathers and husbands to produce for them more and more apparel—may perhaps read into my homily a word of reproof and discouragement. But it is the simplicity of that which is truly beautiful that I extol. Fine, cultured taste must win and win easily in any race against the merely lavish.

This theme deserves enlargement; and the better to emphasise it let me describe a serenely superb toilette that made a great sensation. It was designed by me for an American *grande dame*, and was a gown so simple that only a few words need be employed upon it.

It was the Court robe in which Mrs. J. A—— made her appearance at Buckingham Palace last season; a gown that was the cynosure of every eye, and won words of admiration even from Their Majesties and the radiant crowd of the most critical of Courts. White brocaded velvet, absolutely untrimmed, composed that gown in the main. And to it was added the regulation Court train, four yards long, made of geranium-coloured velvet lined with silver tissue. Not one atom of adornment was there upon the toilette, if exception be made of the loops of diamonds that supported the train upon the shoulders. Yet the success it won was enormous.

Now upon what did this simple gown depend for its triumph? Upon the exquisite materials chosen; upon the colour of the train thrown up by its shimmering lining. Upon the modelling and fit of the robe also; and, lastly, its supreme suitability to the regal form of its wearer. To show the care in

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detail that was lavished upon the dress, let me say that the very pattern of the *broché* was designed and woven in such a manner that the symmetry of the wearer's figure was enhanced by it, quite apart from the skilful cutting and fitting bestowed upon the gown as a whole. Such a robe as that age cannot wither, nor custom stale. Not for the moment only is it beautiful, but for all time, *mesdames*.

To old and young, rich and poor, my message is the same. Choose good and beautiful materials—costly and many if you are rich enough to afford several frocks, and have suitable opportunities of wearing them; few, but of their kind excellent, should your pin-money be limited. Then have them made up simply, but always bearing in mind the requirements of the occasion they are to adorn, and those of your individual needs.

Do not eschew trimmings; but when you are brought face to face with the problem of decision, having on the one hand the resource of a lavish amount of showy but cheap decoration, and on the other that of a very, very little, but that little good, then let the good prevail. No one more heartily approves of rich embroideries, handsome galons, rare laces, and splendid furs than I do; but for tawdry counterfeits my contempt is at least equal.

One cannot laugh at a woman grotesquely dressed. It is too deplorable. It is also inexcusable, as all ignorance is. Of course it is absurd to think that all or even many women can be dressed by my house. Most of the materials I use are made specially for me; hence no one else can procure them. The silk looms of Lyons weave my own designs, and the colours dyed are of my

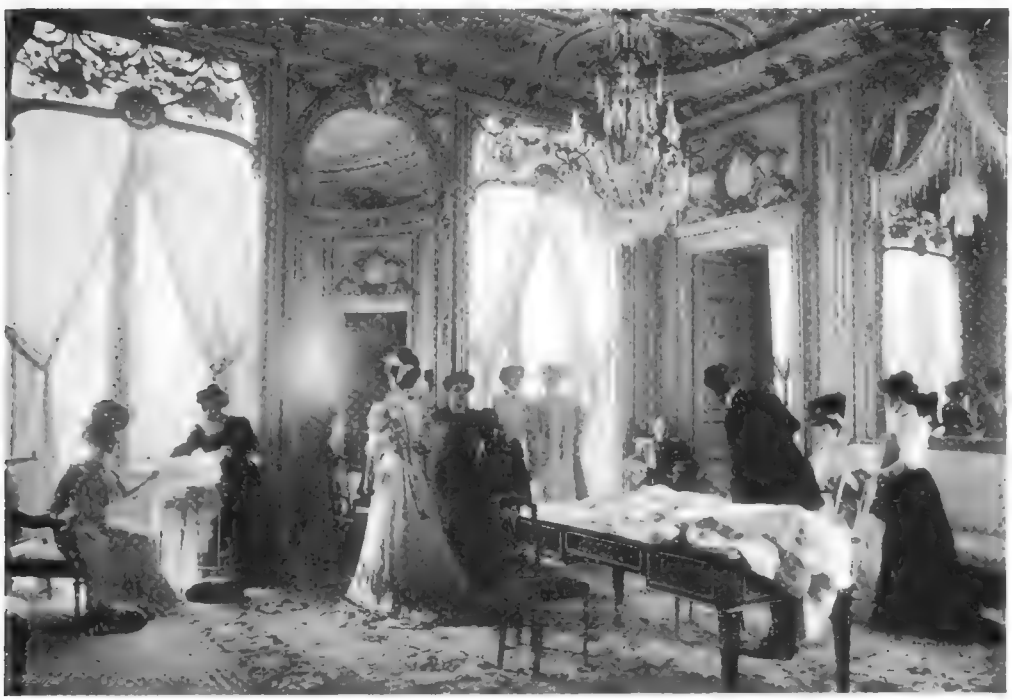

Photo *Henri Manuel.*

One of Worth's magnificent salons, where great ladies of all nations watch the *mannequins* promenade to display frocks, furs, and laces.

choosing. When sequins and jet are to embellish one of my creations, ordinary sequins and ordinary jet are not admitted into the workrooms. The place of such is taken by most carefully selected *paillettes* and pieces of cut jet. Each one is picked out by hand from its fellow to secure precisely the size and facetting required, and then set aside for the work.

The same zealous attention to detail is observed throughout the whole composition of a robe, for whose mere sleeve the art galleries of Europe will be canvassed for ideas. It is that affectionate solicitude, if so I may term

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Photo [illegible]

A "first hand" herself presides at a first fitting.

it, in tiny details, that secures a triumph in the end, even in the eyes of women whose common lot is the best that earth can give.

Finally, *mesdames et mesdemoiselles*, be not Fashion's slaves. Take that lesson to heart, I implore you. Drop back in the race, and by some strange paradox you will find you are winning after all! My father thirty years ago brought into vogue what is known as the Princess dress, and I make it to-day. There have been deviations in the treatment of the vogue, of course, but not in the main idea. It was beautiful in its inception, and remains beautiful to-day. It finds favour, I may add, most assuredly among the Italians and the Americans, whose taste in dress is altogether wonderfully fine.

But merely to wear what is said to be the "Mode" simply because it *is* said to be, and without any inquiry as to its suitability or becoming qualities in regard to the individual —that were foolishness indeed. Unfortunately in this lies the secret of a whole world of thoroughly bad dressing.

The American women are very delightful to dress. They cultivate a natural *espièglerie*, an alertness, a distinction, that causes them to look superb in handsome gowns. Then, too, what I may call their instinct for dress is accurate and penetrating. They are sensible lovers of the beautiful for its own sake, and possess a keen feeling for the exigencies of "occasion." No one meets a travelling American in chiffon, in slip-shod dowdiness! She voyages in tailor-made tweeds, a picture of appropriate smartness.

On the other hand, for the full dress reception the *belle Americaine's* sense of what is necessary is unerring; she rivals even the Parisienne in her appreciation of the importance of detail, choosing with fine taste that which is correct in millinery, shoes, gloves, neck wear, and the smallest etceteras of the dainty toilette.

Now for the practical. Let us suppose there is very little money in the purse; is it then possible for a woman to dress well? She cannot afford to pay high prices for her frocks and hats, nor to seek expert advice upon the subject of colours, styles, and trimmings. What is she to do?

I will tell you, only prefacing my observations with the remark that given good taste, or what I call *tact* in dress, *every* woman may be well dressed. Note this well. Should she be poor, that makes no difference at all; she has an equal chance with her rich sister of making a success of her attire, of setting off her charms, of concealing her defects.

It is a good deal to assume this possession of good taste. The thing is subtle as genius. Some women have it as an instinct. Others must cultivate carefully, and in order to do this they must foster the critical habit as regards their own appearance. They must not blink their defects, and congratulate themselves that their good points will mask the effect of the bad ones. With crude cruelty let them confront their mirror, and

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examine their features and figure in order to discover that which demands improvement.

To put the matter in different words. The beautiful girl whose hair is the colour of ripe corn, and whose complexion rivals the lily and the rose, may have a waist circumference that is altogether clumsy and *gauche*. Now is such a one to choose colours that will throw up the honied radiance of her hair, and establish the already evident excellence of her fair skin?

By no means. She must be governed in her choice of materials, dyes, patterns, trimmings, and even the design in which her frock is to be fashioned, entirely by that thick waist of hers! First of all, however, her money must be carefully expended upon good corsets; and she must use her best and most persistent endeavours to induce all the symmetry of figure she can achieve by the use of fencing-foils (a splendid aid to elegance, suppleness, and firmness of the figure, especially in middle life), and by other means of acquiring grace open to her in the gymnasium, and if possible on horseback. Moreover, she must wear black in preference to colour, and have her waist belts carefully modelled with a point back and front to give her figure length.

The reason the Frenchwoman is so well-dressed as a rule is that she is immensely critical, and makes very good use of the triptich mirror, in which she can see at once the full and side views of her person. She never remains foolishly gratified with her appearance after a cursory glance at the front view, but remembers that all the world does not bow *before* her; to many it is her back that must mainly be visible. And what charm and expression may lurk in even the back view of a fair Parisienne!

The Frenchwoman, too, resolves to be consistent. She will never expend her little all upon her frock or her hat, vaguely and improvidently leaving her gloves, neckwear, belt, and shoes to take care of themselves. Building herself up from the beginning by means of well-fitting and very daintily made lingerie, a good corset, and suitable *jupons*, that born dresser completes a highly satisfactory whole by a discreet choice in toilettes and all the accessories thereof.

Draw a mental picture in your own minds, *mesdames*, when you are choosing material for a gown, and your artistic sense will direct your selection. The woman of ponderous proportions should abjure satin in favour of a silk that does not shine. And this because the sheen of the highly glossy fabric throws

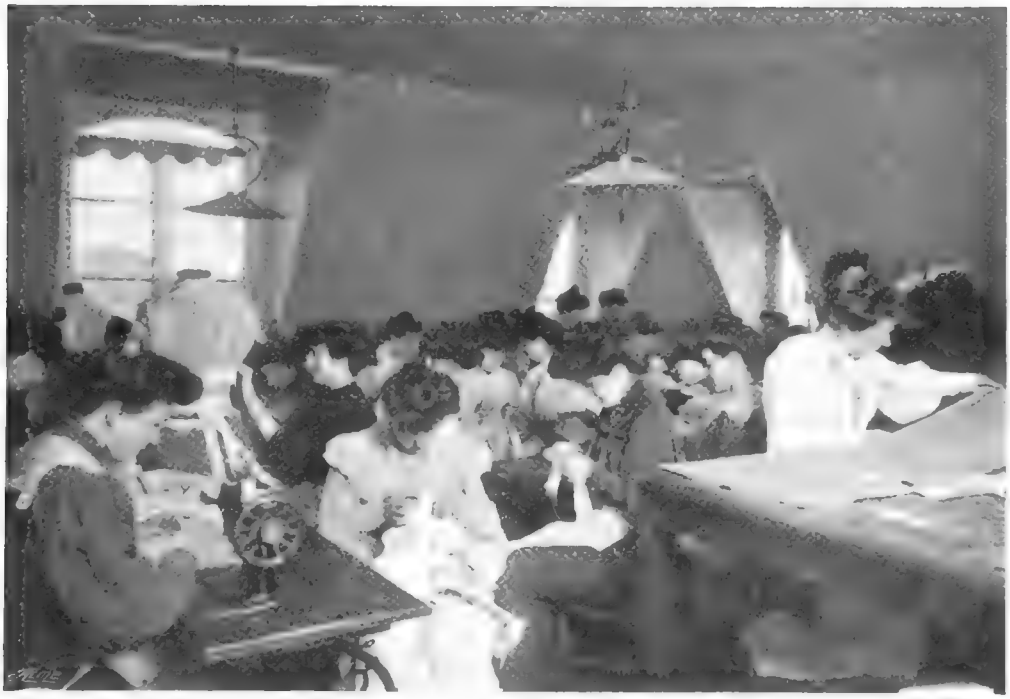

Photo *Henri Manuel.*

In the busy workrooms *chez* Worth. Even these humble *couturières* dress themselves artistically, and have excellent taste.

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into relief the contour of flesh that requires toning down rather than accentuation.

Discriminating common-sense is needed in these circumstances to avoid such fabrics as are patterned in large plaids, or those dispersed with groups of blossom; though a brocade with a design in spiral bunches may be made a successful refiner of the bulky figure.

Stripes, too, may be relied upon, under the auspices of a clever cutter and fitter, to induce symmetry. Chiffon, *crêpe de Chine*, marquisette, and all the other gauzes, require very nice adjustment if the bulky are to wear them at all. And as to the colours chosen, let no garish ones be permitted on any account. Black will be safe; biscuit *may* be, deepening to tan, which is a dye that does not intensify size, and is therefore even more useful as a glove and shoe colour than grey. Green, too, of a shade known as "watercress" may be suitable, and the mauves and pearl shades also.

A woman with grey hair and whitened countenance may look beautiful in the right tone of grey, touched with a little very good old filmy lace, even if her figure be not precisely that of a sylph. Trimmings that run round and round a skirt are always best avoided by the stout, especially if short height accompany actual bulk. And in their stead, lines that give length by pursuing a course from the shoulders downwards are distinctly advisable. There are obvious objections to sequined robes for girls and women inclined to *embonpoint*, since the glitter of the *paillettes* draws pointed attention to the overplus of flesh it is desirable to disguise or mitigate.

In no case do I recommend tight-lacing, whether for the short, the lean, the young, or the old. It is an abomination; and to the Americans, who so sensibly encouraged the wearing of the straight-fronted corset, which is to-day the most universally popular, I offer sincere congratulations.

Years ago, when the type of corset that bends inwards at the centre of the waist line was in fashion, causing the figure beneath the belt to protrude in the ugliest way, besides giving the wearer most uncomfortable sensations, I went to a famous *corsetière* here in Paris, and asked her why she did not introduce a straight-fronted corset?

"Will you please mind your own business, M. Worth," was her retort, "and leave me to mind mine?"

I gathered that antipathy to the new corset was merely a foolish prejudice which in time vanished, thanks largely to the American sense of comfort and independence.

But even then, determined that my own daughter's figure should not be spoilt, nor her health and comfort jeopardised while yet little more than a child, I modelled her corsets myself, and made them straight-fronted. It is to this corset, cut on common-sense principles and with the enlightenment of a knowledge of anatomy to aid the modeller, that I attribute so much of the grace and suppleness of the middle-aged women of the present day.

Some women are unfair to the point of absurdity with their dressmakers and milliners. They ask the expert opinion of these; they listen with apparent attention, and then follow their own caprice, naturally not to their own advantage! For who should know so well as a man who has made a life-study of dress what is likely best to suit *madame* or *mademoiselle*.

There was a time, before dress became the obsession it is now, when all the customers of the house of Worth bowed to the decision of its acknowledged head, and rested entirely satisfied with his decision. "Make me a dozen gowns," a great lady would say, and there the matter would end.

My father detested mere slavish following of the moment's mode, and one night obliged his own wife to go to a Court ball with an aigrette in her hair, whereas an absolutely flat headdress was "the thing" at the time. Yet all present were charmed with the novelty, and forthwith voted their own style quite *démodé!*

In those days, having ascertained for what purpose the toilettes were required—so many for the morning, so many for the evening, so many for the country or the seaside, and so many for town wear—everything was arranged by M. Worth; for whether France were Imperial or Republic, *he* remained Uncrowned King of Fashion.

This attitude was the result of a long and uphill struggle from the downright dowdiness of the late forties, when M. Charles Worth came to Paris. It was hard to believe the "City of Light" had been the seat of a brilliant Court. Each lady had a mantle, or perhaps a couple of ugly silk frocks, with possibly a Cashmere shawl, given to her on her marriage. The most costly trimming used in those days was but four francs a yard, and most patrons bought their own material, and took it to some humble journeyman dressmaker. For the art of dressmaking and fitting had not yet been born.

(The Second Article of This Series, Entitled "Some Advice for Beauty's Types," will Appear in the March Number.)

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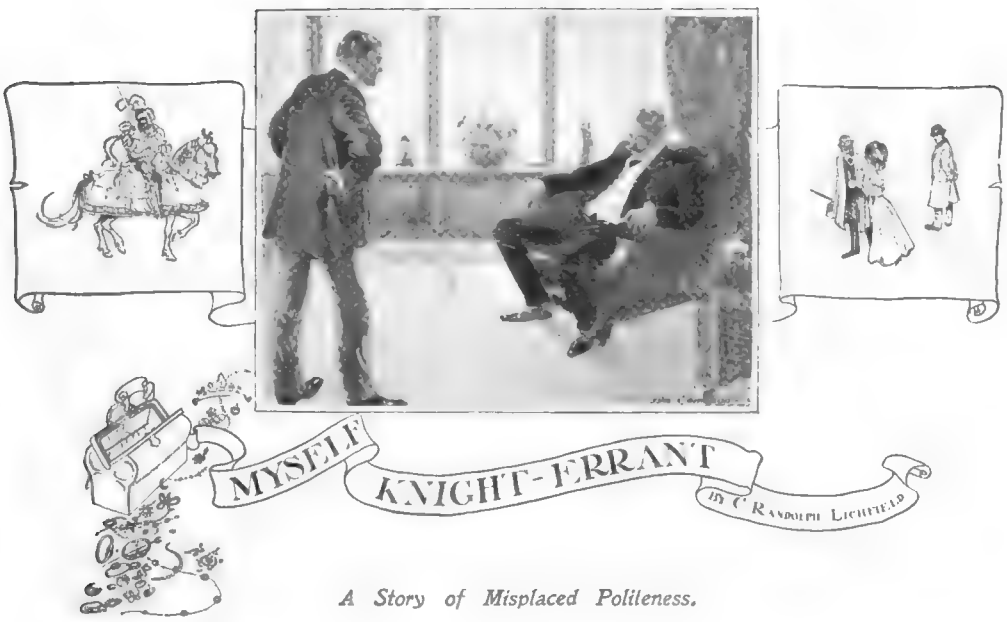

A Story of Misplaced Politeness.

I CAUGHT my first glimpse of her as she hurried past the window of my compartment, and it struck me instantly she was amazingly pretty. I could not help wishing she would relieve the tedium of my journey to Dover by favouring me with her company. At that moment she glanced back, apparently realising that there was heaps of room in my compartment, and her eyes met mine as I bent my head to the window-glass to follow her movement, having a vague idea in my mind that I might change into her compartment if the train delayed starting a little longer.

And she looked back at me flurriedly, with an eager, puzzled expression in the big, baby-like eyes, then—and the train was starting, now!—she made a dash for my door.

Hastily, excitedly, doubtless betraying my pleasure at her decision, which may have assisted the illusion, delusion, or whatever it was she laboured under at the moment, I flung the door open. She scrambled in, throwing her hand-bag on the floor, and seizing my outstretched hand for help. Quickly I closed the door as she swung half-round unsteadily, and dropped back upon the opposite seat.

"Oh," she cried, "fancy this!—fancy your being in this very train, Dick! It's most wonderfully providential! And I nearly missed seeing you!"

My name is Barnaby Mullen, and I was just a little surprised at being addressed as Dick for the first time in my life. But grasping the fact that the sight of me as Dick was evidently pleasing to her, while I should only add to her embarrassment and her agitation by disabusing her mind of the mistake she had made, I delayed to disclose my identity, and smiled at her with pleasurable surprise.

"I'm quite as astonished as you are!" I exclaimed, laying my hat on the seat and then replacing it on my head quickly, lest she should detect a distinction between "Dick" and myself in the colour of my hair or the thinness on top. "But where on earth are you going, rushing about recklessly like that?"

"Oh, it's too dreadful to tell you all at once," she answered, clasping her well-gloved hands convulsively in her lap. "What an age it is since I've seen you! Where have you been? What have you been doing? Oh, Dick—dear Dick!" she looked at me appealingly with frightened eyes—in an irresistibly fascinating way—"you were always so sweet and kind and sympathetic—such a nice, dear cousin—I'm running away from home!"

"Dear, dear, dear," I muttered, and wondered if that was how "Dick" would have expressed his surprise at the declaration. "That's a very serious step to take. Have you considered the possible consequences?"

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"Oh don't, *don't* speak like that!" she cried, her voice full of tears. "I know it's a dreadful thing to do, but—it's all over that horrid Lord Studley, Dick! Father is absolutely determined I shall marry him. And I won't—I won't! I'd rather die first! Oh, Dick—*dear* Dick!"—she leant forward beseechingly—"you must help me. Take pity on a poor, unhappy girl, and help me. I'm running away from home to marry Cecil Elesgood. I'm hopelessly, madly, desperately in love with him! That's one of the reasons why I could never possibly—*possibly* marry old Lord Studley?"

This announcement was somewhat of a blow to me, and I am afraid I answered rather brusquely.

"You are rather extravagant in your language," I said. "And I'm afraid you're behaving very recklessly. It's all very fine to say you will not marry Lord Studley, but have you considered well whether you are acting wisely in deciding to run off with Elesgood as an alternative?"

"Oh!" she cried, with evident pain, and paused a moment perplexedly. "How can you suggest such a thing—you who were one of Elesgood's closest friends!"

"Oh," I replied haltingly, feeling like Cardinal Wolsey's "little boys that swim on bladders, far beyond their depth"; "Elesgood's all right, but——"

"Of course, we know he isn't well off; if he were, father would not perhaps have objected to him, except that he owes Lord Studley a heap of money. Oh, it's horrible to think of being sold for Studley's money!"

"Of course," I said, more sympathetically. "But have you thought of what you're giving up in leaving home? Can Elesgood support you in the manner you've been accustomed to? Love in a cottage is all very well in theory, but in practice it doesn't often prove a success. Success seems inevitable to you now, because your marriage with Elesgood is a way of escape from Studley; but it's not the only way. Have you given yourself time to consider?"

I paused, realising that I was needlessly and very foolishly involving myself beyond possible extraction; and it might become necessary for me to drop the *rôle* of "Dick" presently. Who could say?

"I have considered everything!" she exclaimed excitedly. "I would rather *die* than marry Studley; I'd rather not live than not marry Cecil. Oh, do, *do* say you'll help me, Dick! I'm in desperate straits!"

She sprang up, and threw herself on the seat beside me, and seized one of my hands.

"Oh, do, *do* help me to get away, and I'll love you all the rest of my life!" she cried breathlessly. (She was a most amazingly pretty girl!)

"What can I do?" I inquired nervously, a prey to the pangs of conscience, yet a willing victim to circumstances. And I am afraid circumstances got the upper hand of conscience, for I patted her soothingly on the wrist. "Tell me what I can do, dear. You mustn't think me a horrid old bear for expressing the views I have; I meant it all for your own good."

"I know—at least, I am sure you did," she answered, with a smile of sweet simplicity. "I don't think you could have changed so much that you wouldn't help poor Alicia in dire distress. And you can, if you will, help me wonderfully."

"Then, of course, I will, Alicia," I said reassuringly, feeling more confidence in myself now I had given up all thought of adding to her distress by disclosing my identity.

She hesitated to explain in what way I could assist her, and I waited on her silence, watching her face, and holding her hand contentedly. She seemed to be unconscious of the occasional involuntary pressure of my fingers.

"I was wondering how you could help me with the least trouble to yourself," she said suddenly, looking me full in the face with those beautiful, innocent eyes of hers. "It's like this, Dick—I'm almost certain I'm being followed. You see, father must have found me missing long ago, and he would probably at once guess why and where I had flown, for Studley is due at the Park to-day, and father knows that Cecil is staying in Rouen. Oh!—directly the motor got back he'd learn that I'd left for London, of course. How silly of me! I ought to have walked. I am——"

"I don't suppose that would have made much difference," I interposed, wondering who on earth she was, with "the Park" and "the motor."

"No, I suppose not. But it makes it certain that father must have guessed immediately that my destination was Paris," she responded, "and he'll try every means in his power to stop me, and, of course, a man in his position can do almost anything. I can't help thinking that there was a man on the platform who was looking out for me. I don't know who he was—a solicitor's clerk, private detective, or something like that,

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perhaps; but he looked at me as if he were looking out for me, but wasn't quite sure I was the person he wanted. And as I turned back on seeing you, dear Dick—you can't think how grateful I was to catch sight of your nice, familiar, sympathetic face!—I saw him hurrying down the platform towards me. But as the train started, and I jumped in here, he fell back, evidently deciding not to board the train."

"Oh, yes—yes," I said thoughtfully. "He knew, don't you see, that when you were once in this train, you were boxed till you reached Dover—the first stop; and having a faint doubt as to your identity, perhaps, he thought it well not to follow, but to wire to an agent, or perhaps the police, at Dover."

"The police?" she cried indignantly. "Dick! you don't think father would ever *dare* to put the police on my track, as if I were a common malefactor, do you? And yet I suppose he would. How truly horrible!"

"I should think it very possible. But don't be alarmed, Alicia," I said soothingly. "I think we can frustrate the irate papa between us, police notwithstanding."

"So do I. But how far are you going?"

"Well—er—it was only my intention to go as far as Dover," I stammered. "But if I can be of the least service to you I'll gladly see you across Channel."

"Would you?" she cried. "How intensely sweet of you! Oh, that would be a comfort. Then you could see me safely in the train for Paris, where dear Madame de la Stencay will hide me until Cecil can fix things up. Would you really?"

"I would really," I assured her unmistakably; and indeed, if she had suddenly made it California instead of Calais I would not have backed out of the undertaking, Cecil or no Cecil! "But if Elesgood's meeting you at Calais it would scarcely be necessary," I added as an afterthought.

"No," she returned wistfully, "I wish he were. I meant to telegraph to him but hadn't a chance. It's been one continual rush ever since I left home. If you would only take me as far as Calais and see me safe in the Paris train I could manage all right and I'd never forget your kindness. Once in Paris I shall be all right; just a short drive to Madame de la Stencay's!"

She sighed profoundly, and looked at me with an odd little smile.

"It all sounds so easy," she said dubiously, "but somehow I fear it will not prove so. I feel almost certain there'll be someone at Dover to try to stop me and make a horrible scene."

"I'll tell you what!" I cried, inspired with a brilliant thought.

"And I'll tell you what, too!" she said with a most becoming blush. "I've been thinking of it some time, but I'm afraid it'll sound such an outlandish suggestion; lend me your name till we arrive at Calais—let me be Mrs. Richard Partington. No one would dare attempt to detain Mrs. Partington and her alleged husband on suspicion that she was Lady Alicia Hammerstow, would they?"

"No," I said awkwardly, somewhat awed, "certainly not." So my other name was Partington! I could not suppress a grim smile when I realised that I had found my other self—and in the very delightful company of Lady Alicia Hammerstow, too! "That's a very brilliant idea of yours," I added, adopting a humbler tone and air, "but we shall have to be prepared to support our assertion if we are challenged, for we must expect to meet with high-handed opposition, if we meet with it at all. By a most unfortunate accident I am not prepared to prove my identity off-hand. By chance, in the hurry-scurry of rushing to catch this train, I mistook another man's coat for my own, and not till I got into this compartment and felt in my pockets did I discover it belonged to a chap I know, named Barnaby Mullen." I pulled out my card-case and a few letters and showed them to her.

"How odd and annoying," she said thoughtfully.

"Very," I agreed "So you see we shall have to assume the style of Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Mullen if we are to be prepared to support our contention. And there'll be no harm in that; Mullen would be the first to accord us the use of his name. Very decent chap, Mullen, very."

"I suppose that would be all right," she murmured softly.

"Oh, perfectly!" I declared. "Is it possible for you to alter your appearance in any way? Being your cousin I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that you are bound to attract attention, and nobody who had ever seen you before and was aware that Helen of Troy was dead could doubt your identity."

"Really, Dick!" she exclaimed chidingly, "I think that's the first compliment you ever paid me! I've a veil in my bag, and one or two things which might alter my appearance a little. Are we getting near Dover yet?"

She reached for the hand-bag hurriedly,

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but I assured her there was plenty of time. Nevertheless she set about trying to effect an alteration in her appearance. Completely fascinated, I watched her in the mirror on the wall of the compartment. She was a bewitching little runaway! What luck some fellows have—meaning, of course, Cecil, whoever he was.

With almost startling disregard of my presence—the innocence of the child was perfectly delightful—she removed her hat, and unpinning her beautiful hair, began to rearrange it in a different way, training it low over the ears after the style popularised by a much-photographed actress some years ago. The effect of this alone was remarkable—it gave her an appearance of Quakerish piety.

"I *do* believe you're watching me!" she cried, suddenly turning round and catching me red-handed. "Please don't."

I apologised, and picking up my unscanned evening paper tried to bury myself in the "agony column."

After what seemed a considerable time, she turned from the mirror and dropped back into her seat opposite me.

"There!" she exclaimed, presumably to invite comment on her altered appearance.

I tossed aside my paper and looked at her.

"I was right," I said regretfully, after a pause. "I felt certain any change must be for the worse."

"You don't like me, then?"

"I don't think my words permit of quite that construction," I answered. "But frankly, you're so altered that I hardly imagine I can be of any service to you."

"Now I look ugly you want to back out of your engagement, is that it?" she inquired shyly.

"Certainly not! I shouldn't dream of backing out of *any* sort of engagement with you."

"Don't be silly!" she remonstrated. "And I hold you to the—er—engagement. A girl travelling alone necessarily attracts attention, so that if there were anyone on the look-out for me I should be noticed at once. But in your company, unless those on the look-out are very, very sure of the details of my appearance, I may escape them, and your luggage will tend to disarm suspicion, too. If they *dare* to stop us, you promise you will insist absolutely that I am your wife, won't you?" she added in anxious, pleading tones. "If father once gets me back again, he'll never give me——"

"Oh, yes," I assured her quickly, "I'll insist. But I wish we'd provided ourselves with a marriage certificate as a bar to all doubt."

"But—supposing they remark that I'm not wearing a wedding ring?" she faltered, passing over the significance of my words.

"I've the very thing," I rejoined, taking off the plain gold ring from the little finger of my left hand, "if you can wear it."

"Oh, splendid!" she exclaimed, undoing her glove eagerly. "It's big, but my other rings will keep it on, and it'll answer the purpose splendidly if——"

"With this ring I thee——" I began.

"Don't be silly!" she cried nervously, snatching it from me and slipping it on to her third finger, replacing two handsome dress-rings after it. "Do splendidly, won't it?"

"Splendidly," I said abstractedly, "We must agree not to differ in any statement we may have to make. Are we on our honeymoon, or how long have we been married?"

"I—I think we're on our honeymoon," she answered after consideration. "People are less inclined to be nasty, don't you think? It's like kicking a man when he's down, I suppose."

She had a perfectly entrancing smile! I enjoyed it silently. I was not feeling cynical on the subject of marriage on this occasion.

As we approached Dover she began to betray symptoms of extreme nervousness, and became less companionable. I did my best to encourage her, declaring that it would be necessary for us to put on a very bold front.

"You'll have to take my arm, you know," I said, "and keep looking up into my face and smiling as if you were very happy, and not look about at other people. Try to appear oblivious of everything and everybody but me. All such details of deportment will help to obviate suspicion."

She nodded silently, her pretty lips compressed, her eyes gazing at me with a hard look.

"Don't worry," I said gently, smiling to encourage her. "After all, I don't quite see how they can stop you even if they do recognise you."

"Father must have thought of some trick by which he can, if he isn't entitled to legally; he is not over scrupulous, as you know," she answered gravely.

I did not know, but that was a detail, and presently, in order to avoid delay in getting out of the train to the boat, I began to get the luggage together.

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We walked away towards the boat, her trembling hand in the bend of my arm.

As the train ran along the platform and slowed down to a standstill, a tall man passed our compartment, glancing at the open window, evidently on the look-out for someone. His eyes met mine, and lit on Lady Alicia's face. For an instant he paused, looking at me again shrewdly.

Divining the situation, I turned to Lady Alicia.

"Come along, dearest," I exclaimed tenderly.

Whereat the man moved on.

"I think that choked him off," I whispered to my charming companion triumphantly, and smiled at her encouragingly.

She looked at me with the light of terror in her eyes. She was pale to the lips and trembling.

"I'm sure he thought he knew me," she panted.

"Unquestionably, and I'm sure I disabused his mind," I answered confidently. "Come along; we'll get to the boat at once."

Nervously she accepted my hand and descended from the train, a porter hurrying up to deal with the luggage.

"Bring my handbag, Barnaby," said Lady Alicia suddenly. And as I picked it up, and we walked away towards the boat, her trembling hand in the bend of my arm, she added: "That man might think to scrutinise the luggage, and possibly he'd know my bag."

I glanced back over my shoulder, and saw the man standing beside the porter, who had my traps on a barrow. He was watching us, and I laughed up my sleeve at him.

"I'll just put you aboard," I said, "and then I must get my ticket, as I only booked as far as here."

"How good you are," she murmured gratefully. "You've saved me so far. I shall never forget."

"Pooh!" I ejaculated. "Delighted!"

After the inevitable delays, I got her safely on board and returned to book my passage to Calais.

I was just turning away with the ticket in my hand, when I felt a light touch on my arm, and looking round I met the keen eyes of the man who was interested in us.

"Beg pardon," he said respectfully. "Your name Longridge?"

"No, Mullen—Barnaby Mullen," I answered promptly.

"Travelling with a lady, I——?"

"My wife," I rapped out.

He scanned my face closely, as though trying to read my thoughts.

"You'll excuse me, I'm sure, sir," he said, with cold civility; "but I'm looking out for a person something after the description of the lady. Can you show me anything in the way of proof that——"

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed banteringly. "I haven't my marriage certificate in my pocket, if that's what you mean."

"A card?—perhaps you've a——"

"God bless the man, yes! Cards, letters, papers, cigar-case with initials on! What'll you have?"

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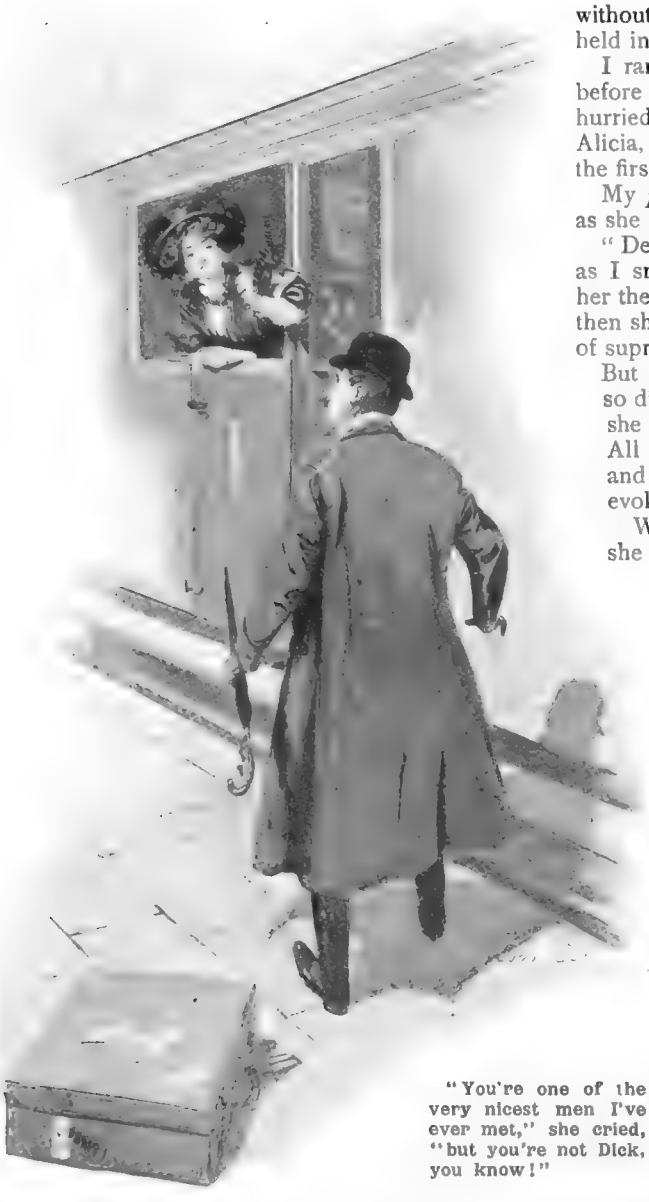

"You're one of the very nicest men I've ever met," she cried, "but you're not Dick, you know!"

I emptied my breast-pocket and handed him the proceeds—half-a-dozen letters addressed to me, and a letter-case containing my cards and paper-money.

He took them and glanced at the addresses of the envelopes, opened the case and selected a card.

"Quite satisfactory," he said; "I hope you'll excuse me."

"Certainly," I exclaimed, "certainly; good-night."

"Good-night, sir," he returned absently, without looking up from the card he held in his fingers.

I ran up the gangway the moment before it was hauled in, and, as I hurried below to where I had left Lady Alicia, the vessel began to throb with the first movements of the engines.

My *protégée* beamed at me happily as she saw me approaching her.

"Dear, *dear* Dick," she murmured, as I smiled down at her to convey to her the glad news that she was safe; then she leant back faintly with a sigh of supreme contentment.

But the anxiety at Dover had been so distinctly too much for her, that she spoke but little on the journey. All her vivacity had ebbed away, and I found it difficult now to evoke her fascinating smile.

We were nearing Calais, when she made the disconcerting discovery that she had lost her purse. Tears welled into her eyes.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "whatever shall I do now? It hadn't much in it, it's true—only about three pounds. But to get to Paris at six o'clock in the morning without a cent!"

"That's very easily obviated," I assured her, delighted to be of further service to her, and producing my letter-case.

At first she stoutly refused, but my arguments were overwhelming.

"It's immensely good of you, Dick," she said, showing me another gleam of her girlish vehemence which was so fascinating. "I'll return it directly we're married."

I had not thought of enabling her to repay it, but considering her imminent marriage I decided it was only right she should be enabled to liquidate the debt.

"Well, it's rather hard to say where a letter would find me for the next month or so," I said. "If you're in a hurry to discharge the absurd debt, you'd better send it along care of the man whose identity I've borrowed."

She took the card and glanced at it with another odd little smile.

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"Will he know where you are?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, I often have correspondence addressed to his chambers," I responded, with a grim smile.

She slipped the card away into her glove hurriedly, for at that moment the sounds above told us we had reached Calais.

There was an hour and a half to wait for the Paris train, and I insisted on giving her some refreshment, of which she seemed in need. Her vivacity revived wonderfully under this stimulus, and despite her fatigue she was quite herself again by the time she entrained—so much so that I should probably have gone on to Paris with her, had I not argued with myself that it was better to part with her while I had yet done nothing to cause her to doubt my identity with "Dick." But I felt very lonely as I stood at the door of her compartment, waiting for the train to carry her away on her final stage to Paris and her accepted lover. I had never met a girl who had so completely captivated me.

"Well," I said, with a sigh, as the train began to move, "I wish you every happiness, and I'm delighted to have been of some slight use to you."

"Oh, you have indeed!" she cried earnestly, leaning out of the window and pressing my hand affectionately. "You don't know what you've done for me. You've been a perfect *dear!*"

I followed along the platform, so as not to miss a word or a smile from her.

"You're one of the very nicest men I've ever met," she cried, laughing at me as she withdrew her hand and waved to me; "but you're not Dick, you know!"

I stood spellbound, and watched the train till its tail-lights disappeared. So she had detected me! I wondered how. I was not sorry, although embarrassed; I had been of considerable service to her, and she had credited it to me personally (whoever she thought I was) and not to "Dick." She had also been extremely nice to *me* personally, not to "Dick." More than ever did I wish Cecil, whoever he was, at the bottom of the sea.

I returned to Dover by the noon boat next morning, and repaired to the house of a friend whom I was to visit.

I had not unpacked my trunks before a servant told me "a person" wished to see me.

Considerably mystified, I went to the library, and found awaiting me the dark, keen-eyed man, who had suspected Lady Alicia's identity the night before.

As the sight of him, and the thought of how completely I had out-manœuvred him, I—I laughed.

He threw a look of angry surprise at me, and moved so that he stood between me and the door.

"I chanced to see you a while back driving here, Mr. Barnaby Mullen," he said sourly, "but couldn't catch you up. However, I found your flyman, and he directed me here."

"I'm afraid you feel sore about it," I said, smiling into his angry eyes. "But you shouldn't; you did your best; only *I* was there."

"Yes, I know you were," he retorted grimly. "Where's Mrs. Mullen?"

"So far as I know she's not born yet," I chuckled.

"The information I got from Scotland Yard this morning," he said, after staring at me hard for a moment, "is that you're the gentleman you represent yourself to be; and your presence in Colonel Henderley's house is a certain amount of guarantee. So I can only conclude you've been had just as badly as you've had me. Do you know who that person was?"

"Lady Alicia Hammerstow," I faltered, disturbed in my mind by his words.

"Rubbish!" he cried. "Lady Alicia's maid, who levanted from Hammerstow Park yesterday morning with about seven thousand pounds' worth of jewellery."

I sat down and looked at him. I felt tired,

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The Ballad of a Baby

I only came six months ago
Into this world of grief;
The troubles I have since endured
Are quite beyond belief.

My elder brother tortures me,
Though why I cannot tell;
He's always pinching me, because
He likes to hear me yell.

I've very little hair as yet,
But Daddy has a lot;
And yet folk say I'm just like him—
I rather hope I'm not!

But others say I'm like my Ma—
I'm sure they can't be right;
For I have scarcely any teeth—
She takes hers out at night.

A lot of lady visitors
Come here on some pretence,
And each one hugs and kisses me—
Just like their impudence!

They pass remarks about my face,
My eyes, and ears, and nose;
They take most awful liberties,
And even pinch my toes.

But still I had a sweet revenge
Upon one prim old fright;
I seized her hat with both my hands,
And pulled with all my might.

I pulled the hat right off her head—
You should have heard her yell!
For, very much to my surprise,
Her hair came off as well.

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His Favourite Joke

In Mr. Jasper Weird's sketch the listener is quite willing to laugh, but hardly knows when he ought to begin. Hence the watchful smile.

A Study in the Arts of Joke-making and Joke-taking, Illustrated by Some of Our Leading Humorous Artists.

By M. Tindal.

Every man Jack of us has his favourite joke—and every woman, too, for that matter.

How keenly we seek an opportunity to trot out the old, reliable laugh-raiser! Every time it works well we grow fonder of it, we see new charms in it, we devise new embellishments and adornments in its honour; and when it misses fire we blame, not ourselves, not our joke, but the man who failed to see it.

For the favourite of favourites, the joke we have been telling for twenty years and still tell, can never grow stale, can never lose its lustre. That is, of course, in our opinion.

We treat our favourite jokes in different ways. Some of us make opportunities to produce them, and cunningly introduce topics which shall inevitably lead up to the joke of jokes. Others treasure their favourites perhaps through a long evening of joke-telling in order to bring them out only at the most propitious moment, as a crowning story, as much as to say: "Who dare tell another joke after this?"

But we have all one thing in common with regard to the treatment of our favourite jests; we make the most of them. We all laugh heartily at them ourselves. We chuckle as we begin to let them out for their airing; we pucker up our cheeks with mirth, and make our eyes twinkle with merriment as they go along; we grow hysterical as they begin to approach their climax, and we scream and roll and shriek with laughter when, and for a long time after, the point is reached.

Mr. W. Heath Robinson's listener is not quite sure whether he ought to laugh.

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Look, in proof of this, at the illustrations on these pages. The pictures were made by leading humorous black-and-white

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Mr. Tom Browne's listener is convinced he ought *not* to laugh.

artists. The idea of the collection was this—that it would be interesting to see a number of different artists' conceptions as to how joke-makers look when firing off their favourites, and how joke-takers look when under fire.

Clearly enough, every joke-maker looks as if his joke were the cream of all the jokes in the world.

But very different are the faces of the joke-receivers.

The man in the heading has quite a typical expression; he is anxious to do the handsome thing, and is quite willing to laugh when he sees the joke —*but he doesn't know where to b.gin!* So he is making a compromise in expression by craftily smiling in anticipation. But note the worried look about his eyes!

Then another (see W. Heath Robinson's sketch) wants to laugh, but doesn't quite like to. He is not sure if the joke is one that a respectable man *ought* to laugh at. We all know that gentleman.

A third (Tom Browne's joke-taker) is frankly worried by the favourite of favourites. His expression says quite clearly: "Haven't I enough troubles in the world already without having to bear this?"

And Harrison's sketch cleverly represents the sort of man to whom we all love to tell our favourite joke. He may have heard the jest a thousand times before, but we may rely on him to enter into the fun of it. He will laugh from beginning to end, and presently he will ask to be favoured with the story once again—just once before he goes home.

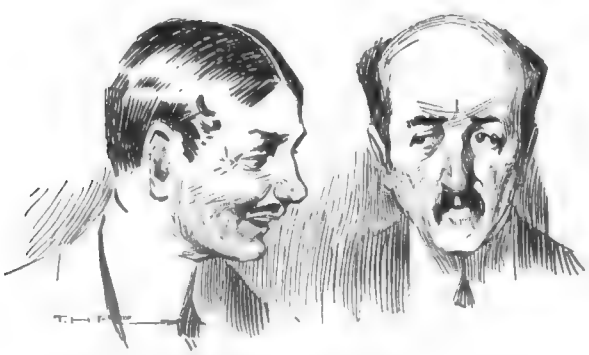
So we may safely lay it down as an axiom that all joke-makers have much in common; but that there is a world of difference in the way jokes are taken.

"Yorick" makes both the teller and the told enjoy the joke to the last ounce.

A joker of my acquaintance was able to add a delicious touch to his favourite story owing to the dulness of a friend to whom the tale was told. His favourite story ran something like this:

Mark Twain one day was travelling in a train when two young men got into his carriage, and tried to draw him into their conversation. But he had no use for the young men; he wanted to be left alone just then. So whenever a remark was addressed to him, he just shook his head and pretended to know nothing about the subject.

Presently his fellow-travellers began to discuss the great men America had produced. Frequently they asked for Mark's opinion about the national heroes; but he only



The patient suffering depicted on his listener's face by Mr. T. Heath Robinson is very touching.

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shook his head as each great man's name was mentioned. And this began to exasperate the young men.

Quoth one: "My good sir, don't you know *anything* about the history of your country? Haven't you ever heard of George Washington?"

"No," said Mark sadly, and shook his head.

"Nor of Jefferson?"

"No," said Mark.

"Nor of Longfellow?"

"No," said Mark.

"Good gracious!" said the young man. "Have you ever heard of Adam?"

"Adam?" said Mark. "Adam, Adam? Let me see—*what was his other name?*"

Such was the story that the man in my mind was wont to tell on every possible occasion. But once no sound of laughter came to greet his grand climax about Adam's other name. His listener simply said: "Well—what *was* the name?"

There is no doubt that both the gentlemen portrayed by Mr. C. Harrison are making the most of a merry jest.

The listener in Mr. Hassall's sketch can obviously make neither head nor tail of the joke rehearsed for his benefit.

Some men are not quite fair to their favourite stories. They use them for other purposes than for raising laughs, and thus make them do double work. They trot them out at most inauspicious moments for stories—moments when all good stories ought to be allowed to rest. Sometimes they do this simply to fill up a gap in a conversation, or to change a conversation that they find disagreeable, or even to snub a bore by suddenly flashing the story in his face, as it were, when he is talking seriously on deadly grave subjects. One owner of a favourite story always produces it on occasions when he considers somebody is too inquisitive.

Once a man who carried a basket on his knees was journeying in an omnibus.

"Excuse me, sir," said an inquisitive old gentleman, "what are you carrying in that basket?"

"A mongoose, sir."

"Indeed? and pray why"

"To catch the snakes that I see all around me."

"Oh, but my dear sir, any snake you may see in this omnibus exists only in your imagination."

"So does the mongoose," said the man.

The joke told by Mr. Lawson Wood's funny man can only be of one brand—the best.

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THE QUESTS of PAUL BECK.

No. XII.—QUICK WORK.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

Another Exciting Adventure of Mr. Beck, the Famous Detective.

(A Complete Story.)

They were a pleasant party at Alwood—Lord Marchal's big and beautiful country-seat, twenty miles from anywhere at all, in the heart of the wild country. Reversing the customary precedents, his lordship's daughter Winifred—more popularly known as Lady Madcap—was to marry Roland Parker, one of the very youngest and best-looking of America's multi-millionaires. The wedding presents had come pouring in in an ever-increasing torrent for a month or more, and one large room at Alwood glittered like a Bond Street shop with a vast array of silver and gold and flashing jewels, for winsome Lady Madcap was the most popular girl in the countryside.

Only the day before, Roland Parker had come over in his new toy—a seventy horse-power Mércèdes, which he drove with erratic recklessness, and his coming naturally gave fresh stimulus to the gaieties at Alwood.

They kept it up late that night, the young folk in the ball-room, and their elders at the bridge-tables, and the darkness was melting into the summer dawn before the great house had settled to repose.

All of a sudden a startled cry, then the sharp crack of a pistol-shot rang through the silence of the still dawn. Instantly the whole household was awake and buzzing like a bee-hive with excitement. As by magic the great stairs and corridors were thronged with a babbling and disorderly crowd. The women in dressing-gowns, the men in pyjamas, bare-footed and bareheaded, streamed with one accord towards the room where the wedding-presents were housed.

Alert and strenuous young Roland Parker headed the throng. Within a minute after the shot was heard his hand was on the door knob. The handle turned, but the door refused to open. He stepped back a pace or two into the thick of the following crowd, his shoulder came against the door with a crash like a battering ram, the fastening gave, and he plunged headlong into darkness. Rebounding from the floor like a rubber ball, he was on his feet in a moment.

A breath of the cold night air struck across his face, and from the farther end of the room came a low moaning. Groping with stretched fingers, Roland found the switch of the electric light. The dazzling glare of a score of lamps flashed out at once, as the crowd—wild-eyed with excitement—came pouring into the room.

There all was confusion, tables overthrown and their contents scattered on the ground. In a corner, huddled in a shapeless heap, moaning, bleeding, and blubbering, lay the footman who had been left on guard during the night. The table in front of him was overturned, his revolver lay on the floor, and beside it a broken champagne bottle, the liquor foaming white over the carpet.

Roland had seen service in the Spanish-American war. A single glance showed him the footman was more frightened than hurt. The fellow told his story in short gasps. He could not deny that he had had a little champagne to drink his young lady's health; then he must have dropped off in a doze, from which he woke suddenly to see a man with a black bag moving silently from table to table.

In his surprise the footman leapt to his feet and cried out. Thereupon the burglar, without an instant's hesitation, turned and fired his revolver.

"My leg felt as if you had put hot iron to it,"

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the man wailed. "I caught the table and it came over with me. Then the lights went out, and a moment afterwards the door burst open."

One look was quite enough to tell Roland how the burglar had entered and escaped. The window stood open, and under it was a chair. Breaking through, the burglar had shivered the glass, which lay in a glittering litter on the carpet.

"We have him!" cried Lord Marchal exultingly. "He cannot escape. The window opens on to the garden, and the garden on to the coachyard. The gates are locked, the walls of the coachyard are too high to climb without a ladder, and the ladders are all locked up at night. The fellow is caught in a trap."

Meanwhile poor Lady Madcap darted from table to table with little shrill cries of dismay. "Oh, oh!" she wailed, "the brute has taken all my nicest things, nothing but jewels or gold."

"Egad!" commented Lord Marchal, "that black bag of his is worth carrying."

"And it will be hard to carry. Gold weighs heavy, sir," interposed Roland, who seemed instinctively to take command of the situation. Already he had tied up the footman's wound with a handkerchief, and had him carried off to bed. Now he turned to the crowd of half-dressed men who waited impatiently for instructions; the ladies in deshabille had melted away from the glare of the electric light, as snow melts before the sunshine.

"You fellows get a move on," cried Roland; "it's up to you to catch this chap. Jump into your things, search the garden and coach-house. I'm off to the police-station."

"It is a long twelve miles," objected Lord Marchal.

"Twenty minutes for the motor," Roland answered cheerily. "I'll be back with the 'cops' within the hour."

As the big car went humming and throbbing round the bend of the avenue in the grey light of the dawn, a girl stepped into the middle of the road and blocked its passage, both hands raised. Roland put the brakes down hard, and the wheels ploughed the gravel.

"Jerusalem! You here, Winnie?"

"Just so." She was beside the car now.

"But, my girl, you cannot come, you know."

"You mean, my boy, you cannot go without me."

"I just can. Why not?"

"You are off to the police-station?"

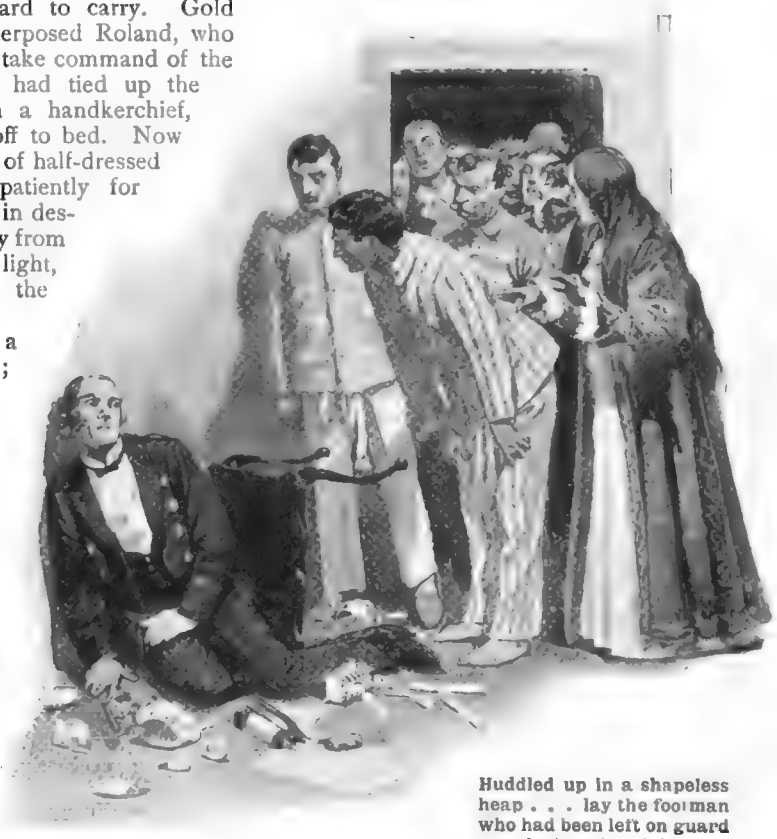
"That's so."

"You know the way, of course," with fine scorn.

"I can ask the way," stammered Roland, who had missed this important point.

"Ask the trees! ask the stones! You won't meet a soul on the road. Now don't be silly. Move over a little on the seat; I'll show you the way."

Before he could remonstrate she had jumped in beside him, and the great car went humming down the avenue and out



Huddled up in a shapeless heap . . . lay the footman who had been left on guard during the night.

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through the huge, wrought-iron gates to the high road.

"To the right!" cried Lady Madcap, and nestled comfortably amongst the cushions.

It was her boast that she could dress, and dress well, in seven minutes. "Ten if I dawdle." And now she had justified her boast. The trim blue motor costume was perfect. Her cheeks were flushed, and her brown eyes alight with excitement. She looked her best, and knew it.

"Straight on," she said, as she jabbed in the hat pins more tightly and drew a thick blue motor veil over her face, "like a cloud over the sun," as Roland observed with a lover's fatuity.

It was a delicious drive, so they confided to one another. The cool freshness of the dawn, faintly sweet with the perfumes of the may-blossoms, was in the air, and the half-awakened birds were chirping in the thick hedgerows. A sharp shower had fallen during the night and laid the white dust under a thin coat of grey mud through which the wheels of the great motor slid noiselessly.

The lovers' hearts were elate as they sped through the growing dawn. Lady Madcap half forgot her lost trinkets, and Roland thought the drive was cheaply bought at their loss. They sat needlessly close together, though the front seat of the great motor was wide, and Roland had only one hand on the steering wheel as they sped along the straight stretches, or whirled perilously on two wheels round the curves. It was perhaps lucky that the roads were so lonesome.

More and more light it grew, and of a sudden the red rim of the sun blazed over the edge of a distant hill, just as the motor drew up with a jerk at the narrow entrance to the lane that led to the police-station. Both leapt out together, leaving the motor at the roadside.

The lane wound between high hedges white with may-blossom, up the steep slope on which the police-station stood, with rustic porch and creepers, disguised as a rural cottage.

Early as was the hour, the inmates were already astir in the police-station. The sound of voices came down to their ears as they climbed the slope of the lane.

"Yes, Mr. Beck," a loud voice cried cheerily, "as good a stream for trout as any in the county or the county next it. Try the deep pool under the crooked elm tree. There's a big trout there, five pounds if it's an ounce. I hooked him last Sunday fortnight, and he snapped my line as if it were sewing cotton. Good-morning and good luck. I wish you the best of sport."

A stout, good-humoured man, fishing-rod in hand and fishing-basket over his shoulder, came briskly past them in the lane, and they had a glimpse of the sergeant at the porch, half dressed, waving him a cordial good-bye.

The next moment the sergeant caught sight of them in turn, and stared with round, wide open eyes—a stout statue of surprise.

"Morning, my lady," he stammered. "Is there anything I can do? I did not expect to see—I beg your pardon, miss——" His fingers fumbled hopelessly with his buttons, his tongue left the sentence unfinished.

My Lady Madcap took him up kindly, but briskly. "Sorry to trouble you, sergeant," she said, "but there has been a burglary at Alwood. My presents have all been stolen. We want you and your men to come at once to catch the thief. The motor-car is waiting on the road."

The sergeant was himself in a moment; his eyes lit with more than professional alacrity. His first sudden exclamation startled his visitors as much as their coming had startled him.

"Your ladyship is in luck," he cried. "Here, Tom!" he shouted to a lounging, half-clad subordinate, "look alive, will you? Run after Mr. Beck, and ask him will he be kind enough to step back here for a moment. Tell him it's something in his line, something very important."

"You'll excuse me, my lady," the sergeant added more soberly to the astonished girl, while Tom set off at a sharp trot after the fisherman, "when I said you were in luck. I didn't mean you were lucky to lose your wedding presents; but you were lucky to light by mere chance on the man who, if any man can, will catch the thief for you. I was in a job with him myself once—a queer murder case it was—and we all suspected the wrong man before he came. But Mr. Beck spelt it out as easy as A B C. He's as clever as they make 'em, my lady."

The constable must have missed his way, for it was a full fifteen minutes before he returned with the fisherman in tow. Meanwhile the sergeant had been voluble in the great detective's praises.

"Mr. Beck," he broke off abruptly, addressing the stout gentleman who sauntered back good-humouredly, "here is Lady Winifred Marchal, who wants your help in the matter of a burglary. My lady, this is Mr. Paul Beck, the cleverest detective in the world."

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Mr. Beck waived the compliment aside with a big hand. "The luckiest if you like, sergeant," he muttered, "the luckiest," and the great detective actually blushed.

"My luck, such as it is, is at your ladyship's service," he added bowing.

"But your fishing, Mr. Beck, and the big trout under the twisted elm? We overheard the sergeant, you know, as we came up the lane."

"The big trout must wait," he said, "when there are bigger fish to be caught. There is no time to lose, my lady."

Then the girl found a new quality—a sudden alert briskness in the detective's eyes and voice. He had spoken to her, but as he spoke he glanced inquiringly at Roland.

"My intended husband," said Lady Winifred graciously. "He knows all about it. Tell him, Roland."

With an American's curt clearness Roland told the story, Mr. Beck listening intently without question or comment. "He was caught in a trap, you see," concluded Roland, "there is no way out of the garden except into the yard."

"And out of the yard?"

"No way unless he flew."

"How did you come?"

"Oh, I drove out through the gate in my motor, of course."

"Just so," said Mr. Beck drily.

Roland looked surprised at this question and answer. "Don't let us lose time," he said eagerly; "I've got to take you back as quick as the motor can carry us to Alwood; if you'll come, that is."

"We'll go first to the motor, anyway," said the placid Mr. Beck, "then—we'll see."

The motor, with its bright crimson morocco cushions, and its big brass lamps glaring in the sunshine in discordant contrast to the green and white of the hedgerow, challenged the detective's admiration.

"A fine car," said Mr. Beck, with the quick, appreciative glance of the expert. Then he went round to the back, and, stooping, peered at the grey layer of mud on the road between the motor and the hedgerow.

"As I thought," he said sharply. Plainly he had found what he sought for; he straightened himself and beckoned to Roland.

"See," he said, and pointed.

Roland and the sergeant and the girl behind him looked intently where he pointed, and all six eyes saw nothing but the grey mud of the road.

Mr. Beck's forefinger came down closer to the surface. Then they saw two small marks, about a yard apart, in the grey mud—one fainter than the other—two small half-circles with lines across.

"The toes of ribbed rubber-soled shoes," Mr. Beck explained quietly. "You carried the burglar and his bag with you from Alwood, Mr. Parker, under the back seat of your motor."

"By Jove!" cried Roland, "you don't say so. What a plucky devil! If we had only caught him."

"Lucky you didn't," commented Mr. Beck drily. "The fellow had a revolver, and knew how to use it." He glanced quickly at Lady Madcap, who stood wide-eyed with startled surprise at this strange discovery.

Roland caught the look, and his bronzed cheek paled at the thought of what might have happened.

"What next?" he asked, eager for action.

Mr. Beck answered the question with another to the sergeant. "How far to the nearest railway-station?"

"Five short miles, straightforward."

"When does the next train start?"

The sergeant consulted a silver turnip. "Thirty-five minutes, sir," he answered; "a fast train goes through to London."

"Right," cried Mr. Beck cheerily. "Time enough and to spare. Jump in all three, smart. Stay! Just one moment to make quite sure."

He crossed the road, pushed his head and shoulders through the hedgerow with his eyes on the rank grass beyond, and was back in a moment. "All right," he said again, "the fellow has gone on." Then, as he climbed in beside the girl in the back seat, "Now, Mr. Parker, straight for the railway station. Let her rip."

Roland was a bit awkward at starting, and a minute was lost before they got under way. But the big car soon gathered speed.

The sharp wind which blew in their faces rose to a gale against the rush of the car. They had not gone half-a-mile when at a word from Mr. Beck they stopped to pick up a light grey tweed cap which lay on the road.

"Why did the owner leave it there?" queried Lady Winifred curiously, as Mr. Beck, cap in hand, stepped back into the car.

"Blew off over the fence," Mr. Beck explained curtly. "Didn't want to leave footmarks in the road coming after it."

A minute later the rhythmic throb of the machine was broken by spasmodic jerks, and it came slowly to a standstill, shivering through

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its big bulk like a wounded beast. Mr. Beck grabbed the toolbag, and was out and under the machine in a moment.

He emerged presently, his broad waistcoat a plaster of mud, a black grease stain across his face.

"All right," he cried to Roland, "a fly got into the spraying nozzle and choked it." He showed a tiny damp dot on his forefinger. "Small thing to hold up a seventy-horse power car."

Even as he spoke the great car crept smoothly into motion.

But their troubles were not yet over.

As they swept round a long curve, Roland suddenly shouted, and put the brakes down. But it was Mr. Beck who, leaning across, threw the machinery out of gear. Only just in time. The front wheels stopped not twenty paces from a man in a light tweed cycling suit, who lay bareheaded prone on the road, with a smashed bicycle beside him. A black bag was strapped awkwardly to the handle-bar of his machine.

"Got him!" shouted Roland triumphantly, as he plunged his hand into the black bag, and drew out a small gold cup and a jewel-case from a jumble of underclothing.

"Poor fellow! Is he dead?" asked Lady Winifred.

Mr. Beck was bending over the prostrate man, with his hand over his heart.

"No, not dead, my lady; nor like to die," he said gravely, "It was a close shave, though."

"This is no bicycle accident, Mr. Parker," he added; "more like an attempted murder. There was nothing to throw the bike down on this smooth track. That machine was broken up deliberately, battered down on the road, and trampled on."

"We've got the right man, anyhow," persisted Roland.

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Beck. "This poor chap is an innocent victim."

"But the cap, Mr. Beck, the black bag, and the things I found in it."

"The cap was stolen by the thief," Mr. Beck explained, "the black bag, and the few things in it were left behind by the thief. See, this cap I found on the road is three sizes too large for this poor fellow's head. We have a clever and dangerous man to deal with, Mr. Parker. I can see what happened as well as if I had been an eye-witness. Our man wanted a cap for one thing. He wanted to throw pursuit off the scent for another. Here was a chance. He called to the bicyclist from the roadside, pretended that he was hurt, no doubt. When this foolish Samaritan dismounted to help him he knocked him down. See this cut to the bone on the right temple. A ring did that. See the bump on the back of the poor chap's head where it met the road. Look at the track on the mud, where the scoundrel dragged the body across from the side to the centre, covering up his own footmarks at the same time.

"A neat piece of work," commented Mr. Beck, "a very neat piece of work, and all on the spur of the moment. More proof," he added, as he picked up a little spiral white rag, bloodstained through and through. "Our man cut his finger with the window glass. This is what he tied it up with."

But even while he rapped out these quick, sharp sentences, Mr. Beck's hands were not idle. He had brought the cyclist back to the grassy bank on the roadside, propped him up comfortably, and forced some brandy and water, drop by drop, through his tight-clenched teeth. It was a long ten minutes before the man gave the slightest sign of returning life. Then his lips quivered with a noiseless sigh, and a faint colour showed in his cheek.

"He'll do now," cried Mr. Beck, who had watched and waited impatiently. "We will leave him and the brandy flask in your charge, sergeant. He'll come through all right, and we'll be back in twenty minutes to take him to the police-station. He pulled out his watch. "God bless my soul, we're nearly late. Jump in, Mr. Parker, and let her rip! Full speed! Never mind the law!" And they slid down a long slope and climbed the opposite hill with a rush.

Too late! The train went panting out of the station as the motor pulled up abruptly at the entrance.

Mr. Beck's placidity had disappeared. He was out and on the platform in a moment in eager conversation with the station-master.

"You've got a burglar on board your train," he said, "and a would-be murderer. Wire to stop it at the next station. Small, wiry man with bicycle bag, wearing cap two sizes too small for him, diamond ring on left hand, and cut finger tied with a strip of handkerchief. Don't stand looking at me, man! Wire at once!"

The station-master went off like a shot, but was back in a moment with dismay writ plain on his broad face.

"The wires are cut," he gasped.

Mr. Beck growled like a dog when a bone is snatched from between his teeth.

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"I might have guessed it," he grumbled; "the clever devil has taken no chances. Have you located the break?"

"No. It is nowhere near the station."

"He must have climbed the telegraph pole a mile or two outside, and probably broke the non-conductor as well. It would take too long to find the break and tap the wire. How far to the next station where the train stops?"

"Twenty-seven miles," said the station-master. It's a big town, Warmington. You see, sir, if I had only known beforehand I could——"

The station-master never told what he could have done, for Mr. Beck was out beside the motor before his sentence was finished.

"Man gone," he cried, "and wires cut. What's your car, Mr. Parker? Sixty horse-power, eh?"

"Seventy," said Roland proudly.

"Then we may do it yet, Mr. Parker. Will you trust your car with me for a couple of hours? I'm going to try to overhaul that train."

"You may have the car," said Roland shortly, "but I go, too. I'm bound to see this thing through."

"All right. Kindly step out, Lady Winifred; we'll come back for you."

"No!" said Lady Madcap.

"But, Winnie," began Roland.

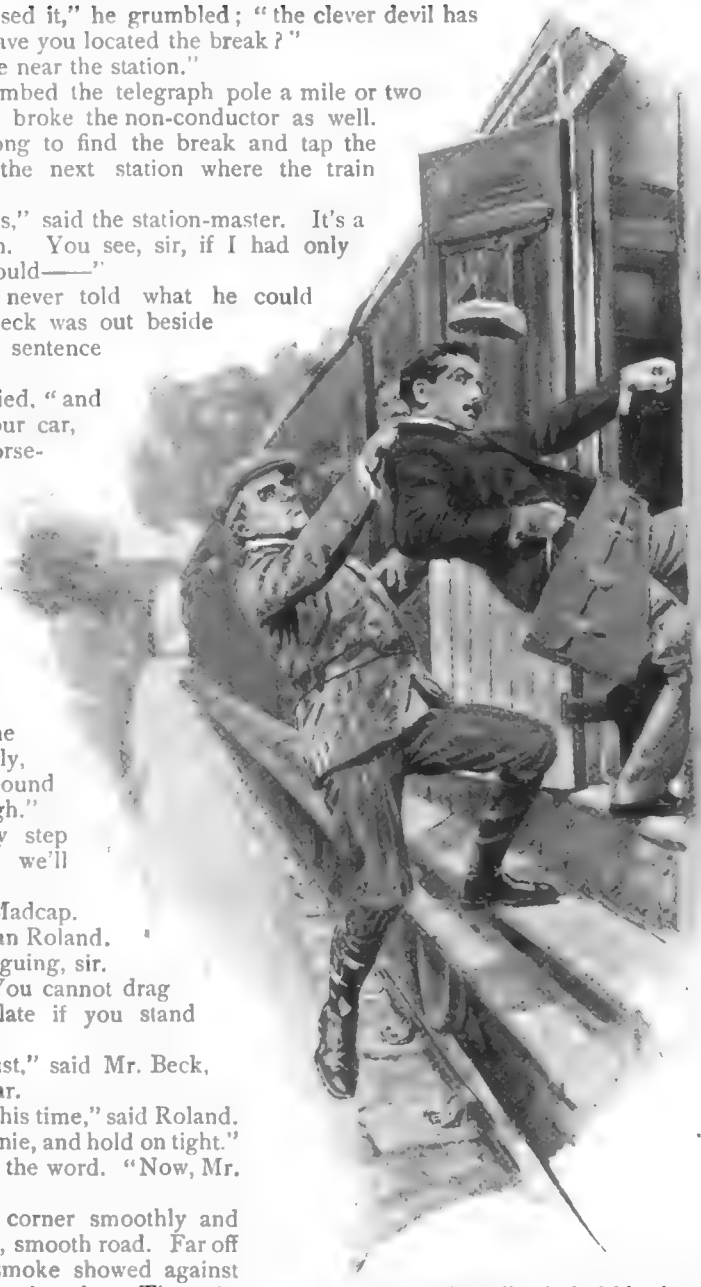
"Don't lose time arguing, sir. I won't stir a step. You cannot drag me out. You'll be late if you stand there talking."

"If she will she must," said Mr. Beck, and jumped into the car.

"I take a back seat this time," said Roland. "Come over here, Winnie, and hold on tight." He suited the action to the word. "Now, Mr. Beck!"

The car turned the corner smoothly and faced out into the long, smooth road. Far off a thin trail of white smoke showed against the pale blue of the morning sky. The train had got a two miles' start. Like a restive horse when the reins are slackened, the huge motor went off with a sudden plunge that made the two behind jump in their seats, and drew a little, smothered scream from the girl.

"Don't, Roland, don't!" she pouted, "don't squeeze me. I'm not a bit nervous; it's glorious, glorious!"



A sudden grip on his collar jerked him, bag and all, headlong out of the carriage.

The car gathered speed. It was flying. The wind that was at their back when they started grew into a fierce gale in their faces. Dimly they saw the grey road slide under the rushing wheels like the water of a torrent unimaginably swift. The hedges on either

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side, like long, green walls, raced by them. A steep incline showed vaguely in the distance. They had topped its ridge and were rushing down the slope.

What is that black blot on the vague line of the long, straight road? Before thought could frame the question they were by the market cart, with a dim vision of an angry man shaking his whip at them as they passed. Faster and faster! The wheels no longer rolled, they bounded like a greyhound on his stride, leaving a broken trail on the grey crust of the road. Once when they flashed over the sharp ridge of a culvert, they felt the huge monster go sheer into the air like a leaping horse, and land with a thud five paces forward.

The thin line of smoke which had vanished as they started again showed faint on the horizon's edge as they swept in a hurricane up the slope of a high hill. Faster and faster till it seemed they would shoot over the crest into space. They lost sight of the smoke as they slid down into the valley, but they found it again, longer and thicker, at the next rise of the ground. The road curved inwards and then ran for three miles parallel with the railway line.

Now the trail of smoke is almost straight ahead and very near. The rushing car is gaining on the train, closer and closer it creeps till it is level with the rearmost carriage. Slowly as a snail they seemed to crawl along the line of carriages, though the car is racing at the rate of sixty miles an hour. They are level with the engine at last; they have passed it, when a curve of the road sweeps them once more apart.

"Two miles more! We'll do it yet," gasped Mr. Beck, and the words were blown back to those behind by the rush of the wind. But fast upon the words there followed a despairing cry.

The car came round a corner on two wheels, the others spinning in the air. The road stretched long and straight in front, but the despairing cry broke from the driver's lips when he saw a railway level crossing light before him. Even as he spoke, the long gates closed with a clang across the road, to guard the approaching train.

The motor brakes went down hard, the car jarred and jolted as it slid with the fierce momentum of its former speed down the smooth slope to the opposing barrier. So fast it went before the brakes could hold, it struck and bulged the strong steel of the gates.

In that moment, as if the sudden stopping had shot him from the car, Mr. Beck was out and over the gate and on to the line. A vivid red silk handkerchief waved in his hand.

The approaching engine yelled out a fierce long cry of warning and menace, but Mr. Beck held his ground. The train brakes grasped and rasped and squeaked upon the wheels, and before he stepped off the lines the huge train came grumbling to a stand.

"In the name of the law," he whispered blandly to the cursing engine-driver as he passed him. "You've a man that's wanted for burglary and attempted murder. I'll have him out in a moment and signal you again."

From every carriage window heads protruded and voices cried to him. But Mr. Beck's quick eyes fastened upon one face alone. It was a pale, handsome face at the window of a first-class carriage. A tweed cap two sizes too small was perched on the head. The first finger of the hand that rested on the window-sash was tied with a strip of blood-stained linen; on the third finger there glittered a diamond ring.

"An accident, porter?" cried the man to Mr. Beck. "No danger, I suppose?"

"Great danger," grunted Mr. Beck; "get out at once."

The man stooped for a bicycle bag that lay on the seat beside him, and opened the door with the bag in his hand.

Then, seeing no one else had moved, he hesitated and would have gone back

But a sudden grip on his collar jerked him, bag and all, headlong out of the carriage and flung him on his back. Mr. Beck signalled the engine-driver, and with a storm of impatient snorts the train trailed itself round a curve and vanished.

At that moment Lady Madcap and her lover came rushing across the line, abandoning the quivering motor at the gate.

The fallen man picked himself up and turned with quiet fury on Mr. Beck.

"This is an outrage," he hissed; "you have made some damnable blunder, and you'll pay dearly for it. Here is my card!"

"No you don't," said Mr. Beck quietly. He caught the man's wrists with a sudden grip like a steel trap, and drew from his breast pocket the right hand and the revolver it held. The weapon dropped harmless on the ground as Mr. Beck jerked the wrists together, and there was a glimmer and click of steel as the handcuff catch snapped.

Lady Madcap screamed.

"It's all right, my lady," said Mr. Beck soothingly. "I think you will find your pretty nick-nacks in that bicycle bag."

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LOVE'S · LABOUR · LOST·
Young Lancelot took his light guitar
His ladye-love to serenade,
And brighter beamed each list'ning star
To hear the melody he made.
He stood and sang upon the lawn
Until, a' Phœbus' warning ray,
Aurora, goddess of the dawn,
Unbarred the saffron gates of Day.
The singer marked the waking hour;
Still his beloved made no sign;
The lattice of her vestal bower
Behind its veil of jessamine
Oped not, as was its wont of yore—
The youth, with burning soul a-fret,
Advanced, to find upon the door
A bill which read "THIS HOUSE TO LET."
Stuart Furniss.
THIS HOUSE TO LET

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Photo J. Martin, Limehouse, E.
Mr. R. A. Stunt.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. XXXVII.—THE RELIEF OF CHITRAL.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. RICHARD ALEXANDER STUNT, LATE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

The relief and defence of Chitral, a gloomy hill fort on the North-Western Frontier of India, make one of the most splendid chapters in modern British military history. A small British garrison was beleaguered by the rebellious and merciless tribesmen, and to relieve it two expeditions were organised. One, under Colonel Kelly, was to approach from the north, through a snow-clad region which was almost unknown; the main force, under General Sir Robert Low, was to march by way of the difficult and dangerous Malakand Pass, held by some 12,000 fierce and warlike hillmen. That force left Nowshera at the beginning of April, 1895, stormed the Malakand on the 3rd, and eventually made the relief certain; but before the final stage of the advance was undertaken it was learnt that Colonel Kelly had reached the fort unopposed, after an exceptionally hard and brilliant march. Mr. R. A. Stunt, whose story is retold, served under Sir Robert Low in the King's Own Scottish Borderers throughout the campaign; was afterwards in the Tirah Campaign, and went through the South African War.

THE British soldier. even in time of peace, gets as much excitement as the most adventurous rover can desire. He never knows what is going to happen and where another day will find him. And that is especially the case when he is out in India, where so many "little wars" originate.

People get such vague ideas of the size of a country where we wage our "little wars." The State of Chitral is bigger than Wales, and its people—there are about 70,000 of them—. are as brave as you could wish them to be, especially when you have the routing out of them to do; its capital, Chitral, is in the very heart of the great, solemn, inhospitable hills, reached by way of swollen rivers or snow-clad passes, with no roads, nothing more than bridle-paths. In 1895 the State was in a condition of anarchy; the Chitralis had risen, murdered many of our people, and bottled up the rest in the fort. It was our duty to relieve them, and that is why the two forces were trying to reach the fort by different ways—both amazingly hard ways. We knew when we started from Nowshera that the garrison were defending themselves in the most valiant fashion, but the fear was that they would be starved or massacred before we could reach and succour them.

I was at Rawal Pindi with my regiment, the Borderers, and we were a joyful and excited lot of men, for the orders had been issued that we were to go home. You can imagine what that means to men who have been out in the East for seven or eight years. Rawal Pindi is in the heart of the district from which troops are sent when trouble threatens in the hills; and plenty of trouble threatened now. There was what English people at home look upon as a trifling affair in the mountains, and I was one of the men who were chosen to go and settle it. So it happened that, when we should have been marching to the station to entrain for home, we were hurrying to the mountains, with the certainty of having a pretty tough time.

According to our programme and our fond dreams we should have been settling down on board ship for a comfortable voyage to England; but at that particular moment we happened to be toiling and sweltering on our

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way to the Malakand Pass, making forced marches, so that we could be at a given place at a given time. And we were; but to do it meant two desperate marches of twenty miles a day—marches which knocked out a good many men, particularly natives.

We were soon at the base of the Malakand, which is a towering, rugged mountain, just about as uninviting a thing as you could possibly wish to have, when you know that the game you are playing, and which you are expected to win, is to swarm up it and take it, in spite of the objectionable fact that every crevice hides a marksman, and every boulder is as likely to be tumbled down upon you as it is to keep its place.

We reached the base of the frowning hill at night; then we had to camp there till daylight came and we could storm the heights.

Now, it is no good talking overmuch about human courage at the outset of an affair like this, and particularly when you have a lot of young soldiers in the ranks, as we had. It comes natural to us all to take very good care of our skins, and during those long hours of darkness, when the hill was pitted with flashes from the long, queer rifles which are called *jezails*, and the snipers' bullets pinged and plugged into the earth about us, there were teeth that chattered with something which really wasn't cold weather.

We had chance and permission to sleep; but there were very few of us who did as much as try to pass the time in that comforting fashion. We wanted to get away from this miserable and demoralising inaction, to be up and doing, to be getting our blood warm, to be, in short, in the thick of the business which we had to do. We had our wishes fully realised in a very few hours.

Soon after four o'clock, just when day was breaking, the bugles sounded the reveille, and the column began a day's work which was to be full of thrills and stirring incidents.

I was lying down, with my battalion, at the foot of the hill, waiting for the word to advance; and the shells were screaming over my head from the vicious little mountain guns behind. For not much more than fifteen minutes we were kept in suspense like that, the men shuffling uneasily, and oppressed with intense excitement: the officers, most of whom had been in battle already, doing their best, like the good British leaders they were, to steady and encourage them.

Such lines of men are very much like trains of powder, needing only a spark to fire them. The spark came when the officer commanding —Colonel Dixon—sprang up and issued the order for the assault. He gave it to the adjutant, and the adjutant went along the line and repeated it.

Then we sprang to our feet; but it was curious that as we did so there was scarcely a sound. There was no cheering. Everybody seemed very solemn, for, you see, the real excitement had not yet begun—and the mountain seemed such a huge, forbidding, deadly thing to storm. It was not as if we could sweep across a plain with fixed bayonets and make sure of knowing our fate within a few minutes. This was to be a matter of hours, of fighting every yard of our way up a rugged slope, defended by tribesmen who knew every crevice and who could pot us from every bit of shelter.

But the mountain guns had cleared the way considerably.

We started to the storm, and were swiftly in the thick of it.

And what a storm it was! We would dash for a boulder, and the great stone would do one of two very undesirable things; it would either try to roll over us and crush us, or start on a headlong and terrific rush down the hillside, to crash into stormers who were not quick enough to get out of the way of it. Some of the boulders were loose because of the rains and weak foundations; others had been deliberately and cunningly prepared for us by the tribesmen, who toppled them on top of us whenever they got the chance. But even these things did not keep us back, and panting and struggling we fought our way up the towering Malakand.

Suddenly, ahead of me, only about a stone's throw distant, I saw a hillman who was leading a little forlorn hope against us. He was a standard-bearer, and carried on high a red and white flag, calling on his men to rally round him and drive the infidels down the mountain side up which they were coming. Whenever such a sight as that is seen and British officers are near, they make a dash for glory and a trophy. They did so now, and amongst those who made a rush towards the standard-bearer was Lieutenant Coke, of the Borderers. He belonged to A Company, and near him was Corporal Smith, of A Company also.

A bullet whizzed, and Smith, without a cry, fell dead, shot through the brain. The tribesman who fired fell, too, for Lieutenant Coke killed him on the spot with his revolver. We left Smith for the time where he had fallen—left him till the fight was done and he could be taken down the hill and buried.

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The corporal was a teetotaler, and it is a strange fact that the only other man in my regiment who was killed in the storming was called Smith also, and that he was a heavy drinker. Only about fifty yards away from the spot where the first man fell I saw four men of the 60th Rifles who had been shot, as I imagined, by one marksman. He had picked them off one by one, and they were lying in a heap.

So far we had not been able to use the steel; we had been clambering up and getting ahead as best we could. There was no need for fighting at close quarters yet, because the enemy was not near enough; but at last the moment came when the sharp order rang out in the hills: "Fix bayonets!" and there was the angry rattle of the hafts against the muzzles.

"Fix bayonets!"

Now we knew that the hottest time had come. No need was there for the officers to wave their swords and shout to us to follow them, or to charge; every man did that instinctively, and he did it none the less enthusiastically because his fighting blood was up, and he knew that he must either win or be swept down the hill up which he had fought his way so laboriously.

Still the mountain gunners, on the plain below, served their weapons; still the shot and shell screamed overhead as we advanced, but not so often, not so mercilessly now, because we were getting to very close quarters. The hillmen saw that we were sure to win, and that we were almost close upon them.

Brave hearts they were! True defenders of their barren hills and homes, whatever the rights and wrongs of their quarrel with our people might be; valiant soldiers in the great Mohammedan army which in time of battle calls on Allah to give it victory.

They stood undaunted till our bayonets were actually plying amongst them; then they broke and fled, and scattered or sought refuge in a few wooden huts, which I had noticed on the summit of a hill.

I and a few more of my fellow Borderers rushed up towards one of the huts which stood isolated.

To be perfectly candid, I had a feeling of what you might call modesty about entering that particular hut. There was a suspicious look in it, a something which wasn't at all attractive. It was rather like the sensation you experience when you thrust your hand into an unknown hole, with the knowledge that you might just as easily draw a rat as a blank. There we stood, a handful of us, panting, sweating, tired, hot, and thirsty, with bayonets ready for a lunge. It seemed so easy to burst the door open and rush in; yet it was so very hard.

Desperately — and courageously, too — a man named Millan hurled himself against the door. The woodwork collapsed before the shock and was burst open. Instantly and instinctively Millan ducked his head, just as a schoolboy, who unlawfully enters a room where he has no business, and expects a pounding for it, might do. It was fortunate for Millan that he did so, for the very moment that the door gave way a bullet whistled over his head and over ours, fired by a hillman who was hiding in the hut.

With a shout three or four of our men struggled in; there was a fierce, short fight, a terrific jumble of white-clad and khaki figures in the gloomy interior, a furious lunging of bayonets; then a strange stillness.

The contest was ended, and five hillmen who had sought refuge in the hut were lying on the mud floor. They had fought their last fight.

There were some earthenware water-jars inside, holding four or five gallons each, and we quenched our thirst most thoroughly, in spite of the fact that we had been warned not to drink from any vessels like these belonging to the natives, for fear of poison.

For five hours or more we had been firing and bombarding; then we were able to crown the hot work with cold steel, and the Ghoorkas and Sikhs came up to finish the task which we had started. Before sunset the Malakand was ours, and we retired down the farther side, leaving the hill in possession of a strong outpost.

We were utterly weary and worn out, hungry, and above all things, thirsty. We had had our chance to slake our thirst from the water-bottles of our fallen enemies, yet for some hidden reason — the reason that men, especially soldiers, cannot explain—we had declined to touch it. Only one of our men went so far as to take up one of the water-bottles —made of the shells of pumpkins—and put his lips to the liquid. Then he left it.

We had stormed the pass and taken it, and so far the road before us was clear. It all seemed so sudden and unreal to be here, temporary victors, some of the younger soldiers amongst us already feeling like veterans, when we ought to have been steaming home in a transport; and that was what some of us thought that night after the action, when we were reckoning up the victory and the

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There was a fierce, short fight, a terrific jumble of white-clad and khaki figures . . . a furious lunging of bayonets; then a strange stillness.

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cost of it. We had lost eight officers and sixty-one men killed and wounded; and the enemy had lost about five hundred killed and a thousand wounded. The exact numbers we could never learn, because the fallen were carried off by their own people, largely the women, who are wonderful for the way they pick up heavy weights and carry them off.

All next day we reconnoitred the valley; then we made ready to cross the Swat River, and on the morning of the 6th we stood to arms, and by way of tonic for our new and hard task we endured the potting of invisible marksmen, most irritating of all performances, because we had no means of hitting back efficiently.

It sounds so easy to talk of crossing a river; but the Swat was in a treacherous mood, and there was no bridge or even safe ford. We had to go across in human links, four or six of us holding hands and helping and supporting each other.

The Sappers had thrown a wire across the stream, from bank to bank, so that any man who was swept off his feet by the rush of water could seize it and save himself. But not even the wisest and best precautions are successful at all times.

I found that the swiftly running stream was acting as a sort of mesmerism; it seemed to lure me on as it roared resistlessly above my feet, to invite me to leave my companions and my duty and to go with it to the Unknown or the Vale of Rest, or whatever you may care to call it. I daresay there are few of us who have not felt that soothing lethargy when gazing at running water.

I was alone in mid stream, falling, I am sure, a victim to this wild and odd temptation, and as surely feeling that I should succumb. My very senses were reeling, and the overpowering mesmerism of the river was gripping me.

Abruptly a voice from the opposite bank reached my ears, even above the sound of the rushing waters. It was a voice of authority, of command, also of encouragement.

"Look up! Look up! Don't look at the water!"

I obeyed instinctively. I did look up. I forced my gaze from that fatal fascination. I pulled myself together and overcame the almost irresistible desire to obey the subtle call of the river; and I struggled to the bank, where I was helped up to dry, safe land.

It was just as if a mask had been torn from my face when I heard the voice of authority; and never more, in crossing a stream, did I look at the running water. Always I seemed to hear the order: "Look up! Look up!"

One or two of our men had been torn away from the ford, but they were luckier than I should have been, because they gained the friendly refuge of a bheestie-bag, a kind of raft made of inflated skin, and had struggled to the shore.

But before we had crossed the Swat River I had watched a brilliant affair between the enemy and the 11th Bengal Lancers. The 11th had been luckier than ourselves; they had found a ford and had got across the stream. I saw them hurrying along the valley, and observed some of them lying in ambush behind a spinney of trees, so that they could fall upon the hillmen, who at this point had come into the open.

It was wonderfully fascinating to watch the native horsemen, to see them sweep on their prey in two ranks, with an interval of about ten yards between the ranks.

The front rank charged with the lance; the rear followed with the sword, so that those who escaped the former should be cut down with the latter.

The cavalry swept on with lances lowered, and I heard their wild cheers as the horses thundered over the ground, mingled with the cries of the tribesmen.

At such a time, by some mysterious working of the brain, you seem to fix on one individual and watch his action, fascinated, wondering what his own especial work will be.

Such a man I saw in the front rank—a trooper, whose lance was ready to spit its prey.

The cruel point was aimed, as it seemed unerringly, at a hillman, a fair target—a fine figure in white.

The line of levelled lances moved swiftly, my own trooper's point was almost at its target's breast; then suddenly, inexplicably, the aim was missed, horse and trooper swept on, and the hillman seemed secure. But for a moment only. If he exulted at all because of his safety, if he felt that as he had been missed by that wall of rushing, gleaming steel so he would escape the ranks of swaying swords, he was happy for a moment only.

The lance had not struck home, the point was still undimmed with red; but swift as thought itself the swarthy trooper turned in the saddle, he gripped the lance afresh, he made a new aim, and, striking back with all his strength, even as his horse carried him ahead, he smote the hillman on the skull

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He smote the Indian . . . with the butt of his long weapon . . . and laid him dead upon the field.

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with the butt of his long weapon—the ball of which is tipped with a spike—and laid him dead upon the field.

I have seen many swift and ruthless things in war, but never a keener, quicker grasp of opportunity than that. The arm had struck the stroke of death almost as swiftly as the brain had planned the deed. I have often wondered what really prompted that death-dealing, back-handed blow. Was it lust of battle? Was it the skill of the sportsman? Was it merely the fury of the hunter, balked of his first shot, yet resolute to have his quarry?

After the Malakand came the action of the Panjkora River, which is now mostly famous because of its association with the death of the brave Lieut.-Colonel Battye, commanding the Corps of Guides.

We were parading at a place called Sado, full of excitement now and pleasure because of the success of our campaign and the belief that we should be in time to relieve the garrison at Chitral, when we saw some furious signalling with the heliograph.

"What's the news?"

"What's wrong?"

"What's the helio winking for?"

All sorts of questions like these were asked of one another amongst us, and at last the answer came—that part of the famous Corps of Guides was cut off and surrounded by the hillmen.

We hurried off and saw the Guides on the other side of the water. They had intrenched themselves in a sort of zareba, hastily throwing up a breastwork of sand and stones, and firing volleys as best they could at the enemy, while the Devons played on them with their Maxims.

We hastened to their help, and at last we reached them; but although we saved the main body we were too late to help the colonel. He was mortally wounded, and I shall never forget the grief and devotion of the loyal soldiers who gathered round him with heavy hearts, refusing to abandon him.

I went back with my comrades to the side of the river from which I had started, and hoped for a fairly quiet night. Mark what happened. We were incessantly harassed by snipers, but I was getting used to that. All at once, however, I was startled by a wonderful spectacle in the sky, a loud report, then a cloud of falling blue stars, then a lurid glare. At the same time there were wild and echoing cries of "Allah! Allah!" from the hills.

It was a strange and unexpected occurrence, and for a while I could not sufficiently collect my wits to understand it. Then I knew that one of our guns had fired a star shell into the hills to scatter the enemy, and, if lucky, fire his houses. The shot had been effective, as the startled exclamations and the burning buildings showed.

The snipers were for the time being a good deal demoralised. They could not understand a strange performance like this in the very heavens; but they speedily recovered and resumed their harrying tactics. Many a good man was unnerved on his post; and the case of the sentries was not bettered by the stringent orders that no man should fire until he was certain that any person he challenged was a foe. Yet it was so easy to be stalked in a land where stalking came as naturally as fighting, where hillmen could creep, unseen and unheard, to the very feet of a sentry.

Take a case in point.

A man of ours named Campbell was on his post at night. He was keeping a sharp look-out and listening acutely, you may be sure of that, because his very life depended on his alertness. But in spite of all his care he did not perceive a hillman who was creeping up, who came on yard by yard, who made no sound, who gave no sign of his presence until he was at the very front of the soldier. Then he fired point blank, and the sentry, shot through the mouth, fell dead at his post.

That is the sort of thing, believe me, which will more greatly demoralise troops than the sights and hardships of a stubbornly contested battle. It is the strain, the ceaseless fear of the unseen and the unknown, that tells on the strongest nerves in time.

We pushed ahead towards a gloomy stronghold in the hills called Munda, a fort which was the dwelling-place of a powerful chief called Umra Khan, who had been the great cause of the trouble. He disappeared before we arrived, taking his treasure and his people, and leaving only one poor idiot in the place. We destroyed all the buildings within the walls, except the structure which had been used as a palace.

There for the time we rested, wondering still what was happening to the beleaguered garrison. Then, unexpectedly, we heard the glad tidings that Colonel Kelly's column had reached Chitral on April 20th and had relieved it. He had had a more difficult task than our own so far as marching and enduring went, because he had to contend with snow and bitter cold and storms of wind and rain and hail, but he had not been forced to fight as we had fought.

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Being Extracts from a Married Uncle's Diary.

MAX TAKES TO MOTORING.

After the usual struggle with my dear wife, have had to give in, and invite those little beas—boys—my nephews—down again; this time for a whole week of the holidays. Strange that Mollie should always like to have Max and Tommy here. Hate the idea myself. Always kept in perfect fever while visit lasts.

Dear Mollie says she positively likes it—must be an acquired taste, like a love of olives. However, my dear wife invariably pats my cheek, calls me a nice old thing (dislike being called "old thing"—explain this to dear Mollie, but with no result), and ends by having her own way. Well, dear Mollie so sweet and winsome, I really can-*not* refuse her anything—not even when my comfort is to be ruthlessly sacrificed to the wearing effects of a visit from these demo—little relatives, I mean.

Hunting over, I have plenty of time on my hands, and have bought a motor-car. Hope I shall find in this a way to amuse the boys, at least during part of the week. How they are to occupy themselves during rest of time, am really at a loss to know; might take them to theatre, but would much rather not—too wearing. Good idea! a motor tour! but on second thoughts decline responsibility of letting boys loose in respectable hotels each night—must content myself with taking them long drives by day, returning home each night. Will write to Max, telling him that they must bring thick coats and wraps with them for motoring.

Max's letter in reply just received:

"Dear Uncle Charlie,

"Thanks most orfly for your kind invitation. Of coarse we'll be delighted to come, and can stay ass long ass ever you like till we go back to school again, because the pater and mater are not yet back from the Rivvyearer, ass the pater's still so dellykitt—or thinks he is; its orl rot, you know, reely, but anyhow we'd *rather* stay with you and Aunt Mollie becos we can always rag at your house more than we can at home, so that's orl rite.

"Hooray for the motor drives! Bell Major sed to me when I told him about your letter: 'Motrings the thing, by gum! it's riping, speshally when your aloud to steer the caboodle yourself!' And then I told him pr'aps you'd let me steer the motor—will you, Uncle Charlie?

[My hair stands on end at the thought!]

"But although *I* should be orl rite, I wouldn't let Stinker monkey about with the wheel, ass I don't think he'd be quite relible to trussed to in any amurgency. Don't tell him I sed this; it mite make him jellus and quarrelsum, and I don't want to have rouse when staying at your house, ass it might upset Aunt Mollie to see us two men fiting.

"We shall come by train starting from

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Spankrus Station (Midland line) 12.15, so eggspect us when you see us. We'll take a cab up from your station to the house, so's you needn't troubil to fetch us. Love to Aunt Molly from Stinker and me.

"Your affecshunt nephew,
"MAX."

"P.S.—On our way through town Aunt Janet is going to take us to the '*Call-and-See-'em.*'"

Boys arrived safely yesterday, full of their visit to the Coliseum. Have taken them for two long motor drives. Max shows quite an intelligent interest in the machine, and is continually asking my French chauffeur questions. Wish he wouldn't, as I have to translate. Fear, moreover, that taking chauffeur's attention off his task may possibly cause accident. Somewhat nervous of this; explain to Max. Hear him mutter beneath his breath, "Rot!" So hurtful. Determine to let boys go out to-morrow without me. Chauffeur's society seems more to their taste than mine is. Besides, their absence will afford me much-needed rest. Dear Mollie will take me for a drive in her cart, during the boys' absence.

Disturbed last night by alarm of burglars. Butler came knocking at my door about two a.m. Went to door in my pyjamas, and found him pretty badly frightened. Was not feeling particularly valiant myself, when I distinctly heard sound of footsteps in dining-room below. Clammy feeling about hands and brow; think I must have had touch of influenza—nasty thing, influenza. Also, quite impossible to feel heroic when clad only in sketchy night attire, and with bare feet. Armed myself with poker, and, followed by butler, went down the stairs—unwillingly, must admit, most unwillingly. Distinctly heard Timms' teeth chatter as we entered dining-room. Most curious thing that Timms has since informed me he thought it was *my* teeth chattering which made the rattling sound we both heard.

No sign of burglars, so thankfully went back to bed again, after satisfying ourselves fastenings of outer doors had not been tampered with. Wonder how anybody could have got in, as bolts and locks all right.

But this morning found it was not, after all, a false alarm. Nearly the whole of a large currant cake, together with some apples and preserved plums, had mysteriously disappeared; whilst parlour-maid deposes to having found cake crumbs and other *débris* all over dining-room carpet.

Two empty ginger beer bottles also found hidden away in waste-paper basket. Cannot understand it at all, except on assumption that midnight marauders were disturbed before they had time to get away with any booty. Evidently men of simple tastes, as was shown in style of refreshment—taking cake and ginger beer in preference to port and cigars—really quite pastoral.

Think both my nephews look rather the worse for wear this morning. Neither seems to have much appetite for breakfast. Cannot understand this unusual attitude. Hope not ill—such an anxiety! Suggest motor drive in charge of chauffeur. Boys both delighted, so am I.

Started Max and Tommy off in motor after strictly enjoining chauffeur to drive very carefully; then an hour later went for drive with dear Mollie in dog-cart. So peaceful, and such a change from stormy atmosphere of nephews.

Returned at luncheon time. Boys not yet back. *Half-past two*—no boys. *Three*—no sign. Getting seriously alarmed. Half-an-hour later, chauffeur, covered with dust, returns on foot, pouring out volume of French invective on absent nephews. Check him sternly, and demand explanation. As far as I am able to understand his rapid flow of words, car probably wrecked, and boys annihilated by this time. So terrifying.

Rush to stables, and send off two mounted grooms in direction indicated by chauffeur. Send another messenger to inform police, and tell them to be on look out, and to telegraph to next station for information. Also send for doctor, though I can hardly tell why. So agitated scarcely know what I *am* doing. Wait an hour in agonising suspense, and then farm-boy rides quickly up on shaggy pony bearing letter addressed to me in Max's well-known sprawling hand. It was written on back of long Latin "impot," and ran as follows:

"Oh, my eye, Uncle Charlie, we *have* had a rag. I s'pose you'll be rather sick about it at first, but you remember only last night, Aunt Mollie sed 'Boys will be boys,' did-dent she? Well, I'll tell you all about it. First of all, we're both safe—that's a good thing, isn't it? And now here goes:

"Ass soon ass we were out of site of the house I clim'ed over to the frunt seat, and sat beside the shofer (or is it shover? becos he does shove the old smell-car along, doesn't he?), and ass you know I know the French langwidge pretty flooently, I talked to him. I sed:

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"'*Vous ne drivez pas le vieux automobile pour des noisettes! Porquoi vous ne pouvez pas driver plus vite?*'

"And then he started jabbring so fast that I diddent *quite* understand what he ment. So I sed:

"'*Vous êtes un rotter, vous savvy. Je voudrais driver, moi méme.*'

"He simpelly roared with larfter, and then began again jabbring:

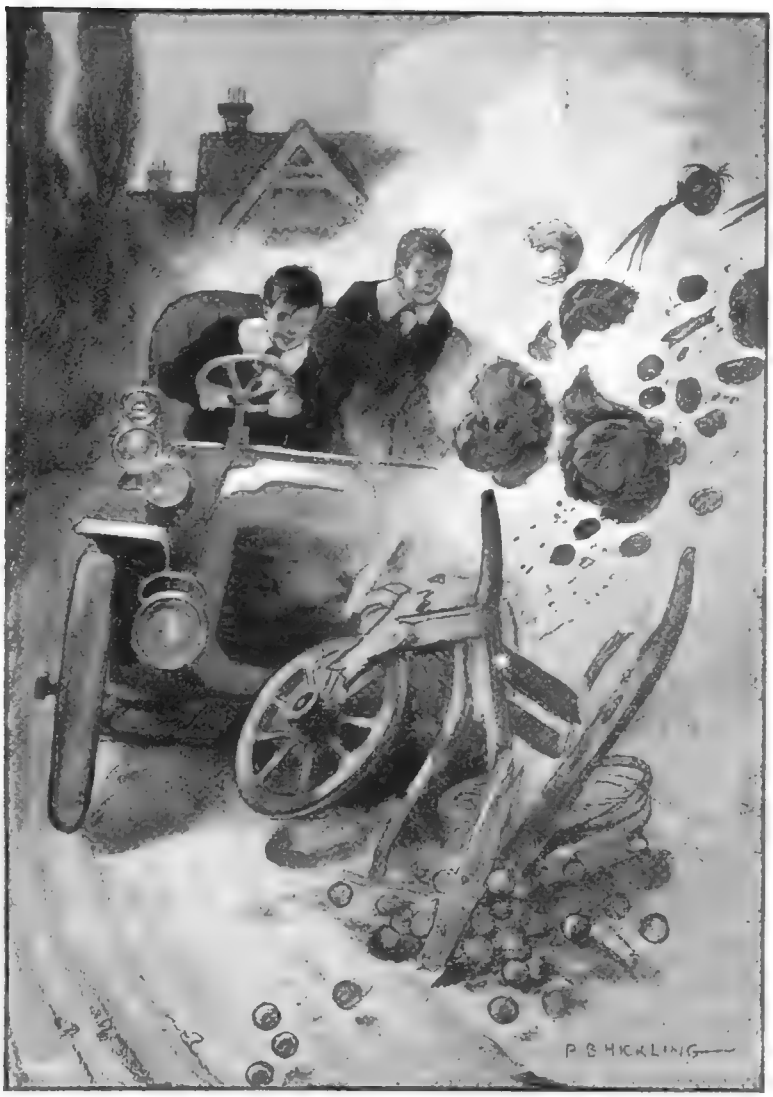
"'*Mais non, monsieur, mais non. Sacré! votre oncle——*'

"'Oh, blow my uncle!' I intrupted. Of coarse, I diddent mean that I really wanted you to be *blowed*, Uncle Charlie, but you know what a feller means when he ses 'Oh, blow—' any other feller. All I ment was that he was talking rot, and I *did* want to steer the thing myself most orfly.

"But orltho I gave him a pretty good hint—I tried to take hold of the wheel, I mean, and shove his hands away—he wouldn't give it up, and we nearly turned the car into a lampost between us—he is an obstnit pig, that chap. Well, I sat quiet then, taking in all he did when he wanted to increase speed, or put on the brake, or stop, and all that sort of thing, and then, when I was pretty cocksure I knew jest ass much about it ass he did, I winked at Stinker, and sed:

"'*Je dit, Shofer, arrêtez vous à cet Magazin de Tabac et ashtez moi un paquet des cigarettes.*' I felt in my pocket, and pulling out a bob, gave it him, saying:

"'*Ici un Robert—savvy?*'



"There was an orfle crash, the splinters flew about in orl drections, and then we seemed to be miles past."

"And he pulled up, and went in grinning.

"Ass soon ass he'd gone, I started the works, and orf we went, like Billy-oh!

"Of coarse, I always knew I could steer the thing; it was quite easy xcept that now and then we had some shaves, passing carts and lamposts and trees.

"Stinker yelled blue murder when I turned on the full-speed thing, and we went gee-whalloping down the road, bumperty bump! I shouted to him to shut up or the police would notice us, and threttened to smak his hed if he diddent keep it shut.

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Beery owner of truck arrives and demands: "'Ow is 'e to get 'is livin' without the bloomin' barrer?"

"We *had* to go fast ass I herd—you bet I diddent turn round to *see*—the Shofer shouting after us to stop. Stinker sed he was running ass hard ass he could split down the road. So then Stinker *did* show a little more pluck—he hung on to the rail with one hand, and, in quite a dignerfied manner, cocked a snook at the Shofer with the other.

"When we got out of the trafick—witch we did with only one cannon off a fat old chap's mail phaton, into a milk cart that got rite in my way—we fairly scorched along the straight road. Both our hats blew off, and the carridge rug—the bareskin one—also blew away. I'm sorry this hapind, but should think you'd probly get it back if you orfered a reward.

"We jest flew down the next hill! By golly, it *was* fun!

"There's a sharp turn at the bottom, and, swinging round it, we came all of a sudden on a hand-truck. It was an orfle momint. Of coarse, I couldn't stop, and—and—and I'm blowed if I know what's become of that truck now! There was an orfle crash, the splinters flew about in orl drections, and then we seemed to be miles past it—if there was any 'it' left!

"Well, the sily ass shouldn't have left it in the road, should he? He certenly won't do it again—not that same truck, he won't, ennyhow!

"We went splendidly again after that crash (I spose the Shofer would have called it a "*contry-tom*"), witch proved that the motor wasn't dammidged by the clision, diddent it? But after another three or four miles, the beasely thing began to peter out, going up a hill.

"I turned on every handle and lever I could see, but nothing seemed to do it any good, and presently we first stopped, and then began to run down backwords. I shoved on the break, and yelled to Stinker to get out and put a big stone under the wheels. That stopt it—and there it is still, ass far ass I know to the contry.

"I am riting this letter from a farmhouse, where we have taken tempry refuse. Buckstone is the feller's name. I've told him the car's yours, and that we were jest eggsersising it for you, ass your shofer was indisposed.

"Well, he *was* indisposed to let me drive it, wasn't he? That's how the whole troubil came about; if he had let me have a shot at the driving wheel, he would have bin in the car orl the time—and this wouldn't have happind—so it's reely his fault and not mine, issent it? Sum people are so beasely self-willed and obstnit that they make sily asses of themselves, don't they? I should sack

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that shofer, Uncle Charlie, if I was you. He's a real rotter.

"Well, here we're stuck at Buckstone's Farm—it's about eight miles from you, so will you please send the carridge or something to drive us home again ass soon ass you can. I and Stinker are getting orfly peckish, though we've bin stuffing green apples nearly orl the afternoon, but motring does give a feller an appytight, doesn't it? I think if the shofer came over, he *mite* be able to get the moter to go again—then again, he *mite* not. I dunno very much about moters, so carnt say.

"Don't forget to send us fresh caps, and a paper of sangwidges—ham, if you've got enny—to keep orf the pangs of hunger witch are orlreddy knawing at my vitles (or is it those beasely green apples, I wonder?). Ain't you orfly glad we're both safe and orl rite, Uncle Charlie? But you know I *was quite sure* I was able to drive a moter-car, so there was no risk, was there?

"Yours affectshuntly,

"MAX."

Immensely relieved, but really very angry. Never know what is coming next—most merciful thing that their wild careering about the country has not resulted in "Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death." Certainly much to be thankful for in this.

But must mark my sense of their wicked conduct by sending them back to school on first, instead of second day of term, and confining them to their rooms all to-morrow. Will be quite firm—yes, must even refuse to listen to the intervention of dear Mollie, which I know will be attempted.

Boys returned at nine p.m., and were sent supperless to bed. Had to look the other way, of course, when I caught sight of dear Mollie going upstairs with plate of "sangwidges." But will stand absolutely firm about the ginger beer—not a drop of anything but water shall they drink to-day or to-morrow.

Dear Molly, after breakfast next morning, says: "Charlie, I think the boys ought to be allowed out in about an hour's time"—I frown severely—"it's terribly irksome." "Yes, my dear," I break in, "so it is to me to be worried and driven frantic with these little wretches. It will cost me I don't know how much. I must pay for the smashed truck, the damaged motor, the lost bearskin, the——" But dear Mollie was sitting on my knee and patting my face—she places her soft cheek against mine—then kisses me—and—and——

Two minutes later the usual wild war-whoop heralds approach of boys as they slide down the hand-rail of the staircase, rejoicing in unexpected emancipation. They *ought* to be severely punished, but, alas! it is always Mollie, who does as she likes with me. I can do nothing against her will—fear I am still terribly in love.

During the day receive call from Sir Fussington Frumpridge, who claims ten pounds for damage done to his phaeton. Says I must have the most negligent, incompetent chauffeur living. Explain that chauffeur wasn't even there. "Then that makes things all the worse," he grunts. "As a J.P. I am bound to take notice of the admission that your car was being driven by an unqualified person. Shall speak to Chief Constable upon the subject," and struts off fuming.

Suppose I am in for a county court action over this. Man of gipsy appearance turns up with lost bearskin rug. Give him sovereign, at which he grumbles and says he now wishes he'd sold it and "copped a tenner."

Beery owner of truck arrives and demands "'Ow is 'e to get 'is livin' without the bloomin' barrer?" Smells quite disagreeably this person, and I hasten to compromise matters with suit of old clothes and two sovereigns. Says he always "knowed I was a gent," and expresses desire to shake hands. Call Timms and request him to show "barrer" proprietor outside.

Milk-cart man next shown in, claiming "ten bob," as he calls it, for "scrazing" the paint off his wing. Sigh and pay up. Just before dinner police-constable arrives to serve summons on me for driving without license, not showing my license, not having my license on me, exceeding the legal rate of speed, exceeding the rate of speed allowed by the municipal bye-laws, refusing to stop when hailed by a police-officer, and driving to the common danger. Explain matters, but P.C. stolidly shakes his head and says he can't do anything but just serve the summons. Recognise this, sorrowfully, and cease explaining.

Really feel as if I could bang those boys' heads together. But dear Mollie again comes to me and soothes my excited spirit. However, I shall write very seriously to my sister and tell her she must really be more firm with my nephews. Am great admirer of firmness—in other people.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

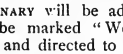
Many a man in February
Doffs with tears his daintier suits,
Finding oilskins necessary
Coupled with his shooting boots;
Many a maid, the frowns of passion
Puckering up her face divine,
Rends in grim and vigorous fashion
Someone's graceless valentine.

Now again the high and lowly
All ecstatically sing
Softly, loudly, quickly, slowly,
Praises to our English Spring:
Ever diligent to serve you,
Now, to-morrow, yesterday,
Suffer "Mr. X" to nerve you,
Send you bounding on your way.

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or Packs of ROYAL Playing Cards, will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. All readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply **must** inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

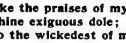
WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

THE other day when writing a letter, "Mr. X" was struck by the appearance of the word **together.** It occurred to him that it was made up of three distinct words: to-get-her. "Mr. X" reflected that there must be a number of other words showing the same peculiarity — for instance, assassinations (ass ass-I-nations), and initiate (in-it-I-ate)—and so he offers a prize of Five Shillings for the best list of words entirely made up of other words, reading consecutively, sent him **on a postcard,** before February 20th, 1908, and ten packs of cards for the ten next best lists. No obsolete words, or words not to be found in PEARSON'S EASY DICTIONARY will be admitted. Postcards must be marked "Words" on the address side, and directed to "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



ODE TO A DEFUNCT SHOEMAKER.

Oh, take the praises of my pen
As thine exiguous dole;
For, to the wickedest of men
Thou did'st restore the *sole!*
How we shall miss thine honest face
Now thy short span is past;
Thou who hast shown the saving grace
Of working to the *last.*



Q. What is the difference between a good and a bad governess?

A. One guides miss, and the other misguides (miss guides).

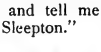
A WALKING PROBLEM.

"I have just walked here from Mudville," said Arthur, meeting James in the streets of Sleepton.

"Really," replied his friend. "And how far is that from here?"

"Well," said Arthur, in his bright, lucid way, "if I had walked half-a-mile an hour faster, I should have done the journey in four-fifths of the time; and if I had walked half-a-mile an hour slower, I should have taken two and a half hours longer. Now, James, bustle up and tell me how far it is from Mudville to Sleepton."

How far *is* it?



A BRAINY LAD.

THE SON AND HEIR: "Father, I am very hard up indeed, but I will strike a bargain with you."

FATHER (grimly): "Really?"

SON AND HEIR: "Yes. There are certain coins in your possession which, if you take away half, will be double. So I suggest that you give me the half, and keep the double coins yourself; thus we shall both gain something."

FATHER (more grimly): "*If* you can tell me these coins, I will do as you say."

SON AND HEIR: "The coins are half-crown, half-sovereign, and half-penny. You will see, father, that, by removing the 'half,' they become crown, sovereign, and penny respectively."

(Son and heir is no longer hard up.)

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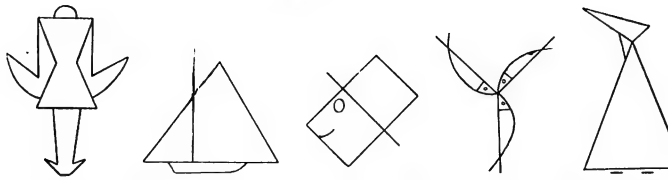
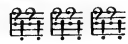


"MR. X'S" ART SCHOOL.

In response to innumerable requests from all parts of the civilised globe, "Mr. X" has continued his lessons in elementary art. This month the designs are a little harder. The diabolo player is to be drawn without lifting the pencil from the paper more than five times. Three times and no more may it be lifted in sketching the yacht, four times in the case of the "Johnny," nine times for the three fishes, and five times for the old lady. The remaining sketch, the portrait of a gentleman, is, as will be seen, based on the written word "Cohen." The "c" forms the eye and nose, and the "o" and "H" the lips and mouth. A little shading for the hair and beard, the addition of a hat, ear, and coat collar, and a very respectable portrait results.

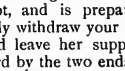


CATCHING THE KIND-HEARTED.

An excellent catch is worked as follows:

Twist a piece of thin cardboard round one of your fingers, and then wrap a strip of rag round the cardboard, in order to make it appear that you have bandaged a cut. Then wind thread round the rag, and go up to a lady requesting her to be so kind as to tie the thread for you.

Throughout the whole business it is as well to assume a woe-begone appearance, and to simulate great suffering from the damaged finger. When the good Samaritan has tied the first knot, and is preparing to tie the second, gently withdraw your finger from its bandage, and leave her supporting the rag and cardboard by the two ends of the thread. This trick, if worked well, causes roars of laughter. Do not neglect the cardboard, as otherwise you will be unable to withdraw your finger at the critical moment.



Q. Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a successful milkman?

A. Because he took a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

Q. Why is a stick of toffee like a horse?

A. Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

SO POOR!

"MR. X" (pausing during his work and reading what he has written): "'The wretched girl was destitute of friends, and as poor as—poor as'—now what is a good simile?"

"MR. X'S" OFFICE BOY (overhearing): "Poor as plaster, sir."

"Mr. X": "Poor as *what?* I don't understand, my lad."

"MR. X'S" OFFICE BOY (sniggering): "Don't you see, sir? Poor as plaster—porous plaster——"

"MR. X": "I have warned you before not to experiment with me, Augustus. You are discharged."

Q. What would a diamond become if placed in a basin of water?

A. Wet.

ANSWER.

A WALKING PROBLEM: 15 miles.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Real Life Romances, Which must be True, and Five Hundred Words in Length.

Saved by a Cigarette.

A TRAVELLER'S STARTLING ADVENTURES.

THE Grand Hôtel de la Paix, Geneva, was the scene, during winter time, of the incident I am about to relate.

The intense cold, combined with the fatigue attendant on a trans-Continental journey, induced me to seek the comfort of bed at the early hour of 10 p.m. on the day I arrived, December 2nd, a year or so ago.

It was whilst snugly ensconced therein, reading and smoking a cigarette, according to my usual custom, that I suddenly became conscious of a distinct odour of something burning, and, looking over the side of the bed, I perceived that I had very carelessly knocked some of the burning tobacco from my weed, which was now singeing a fur rug alongside. Bending, I was about to extinguish this with my fingers, when something occurred which caused me to halt in the middle of the action and left me absolutely breathless with astonishment. From beneath the edge of the floor-sweeping valance a rough, brown hand came cautiously forth, which, as I watched it fascinatedly, crushed the life out of the spark and was then just as gently withdrawn.

A rough, brown hand came cautiously forth . . . crushed the life out of the spark, and was then just as gently withdrawn.

The unexpectedness of this sight left me utterly incapable of thought for some moments, during which I lay back on the pillows the victim of innumerable fears. It seemed an eternity before my mind became sufficiently clear to enable me to formulate some plan of action. To cry aloud was impossible — such a course suggested the possibility of unpleasant occurrences in the meantime, and I was unarmed.

So it was that, as soon as I could control my voice, I said aloud in French as carelessly as possible:

"Confound it! I have left my pocket-book in the smoke-room," and, leaving the bed, I crossed the floor and rang the bell.

From beneath the bed no sound came to show that the ruse had been detected.

Almost immediately there came a tap at the door, and with unrestrainable eagerness I opened it, to be confronted by — a maid only.

The shock was great, but my wits had now returned, and I directed her to bring the non-existent *porte-feuille* from the smoke-room. Naturally, she returned to report her failure, and this gave me the opportunity of announcing aloud that, inasmuch as it was full of money, I must find it myself. Picking up my vest, in which there was about £150 in English notes, I left the room.

A few minutes later the fittings of my bedroom were being reduced to wreckage, as three waiters endeavoured to hold down a great, burly customer who fought like a fury.

Later, it transpired that the man was one Joseph Fabrenne, who, a few days before, after injuring two members of the Gendarmerie, had broken from the prison where he lay awaiting trial for attempted burglary. From the struggle he had with the *Agents de Police* he was clearly desperate.

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A Sensational Balloon Ascent.

HOW AN INDIAN COOLIE WAS SAVED FROM DEATH.

ABOUT six months ago an incident of a most alarming nature occurred on a Sunday afternoon at a small place on the coast of Lower Burma. It was a red-letter day in the lives of the inhabitants of the locality, for it had been advertised far and wide that a white sahib, or *thakein* as they called him in their vernacular, was to ascend to an incalculable height by means of an apparatus which the local Burmese, on hearing a graphic description of a balloon ascent which one of their number had had the good fortune to witness at Rangoon, promptly called a "firecage."

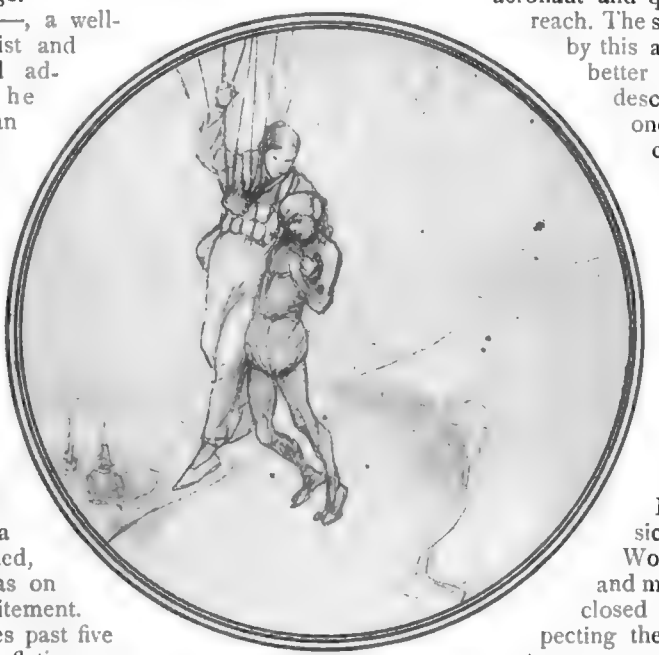
Captain ———, a well-known balloonist and parachutist, had advertised that he would give an exhibition of his prowess at half-past five that afternoon, but long before that hour a huge concourse of spectators, men, women, and children, attired in silks of the gaudiest colours so characteristic of the Burmese as a race, had assembled, and everyone was on the tiptoe of excitement.

At five minutes past five the process of inflation was begun, and Captain ——— announced that, as he was not feeling quite fit, his assistant, a young man who had a few days before joined the captain at Rangoon, would make the ascent in his stead. This was the first ascent which the lad, for he was barely eighteen, was to make, and murmurs of approval of his daring as well as expressions of fear for his safety were heard on all sides.

For the purpose of holding down the balloon while it was being inflated the services of the ubiquitous Indian coolie had been requisitioned, and about twenty stalwart *coringhees*, as Indian coolies are called in Burma, were holding on for all they were worth to the stay-ropes. At half-past five the amateur (but would-be professional) aeronaut took his place, and just as Captain ——— gave the order: "Let go!" a blood-curdling incident occurred.

One of the coolies, with the stupidity which characterises his class, got his legs entangled in the strings attaching the parachute to the balloon just at the very moment when the latter left the ground on its upward flight.

Within a second the ill-starred coolie was observed wriggling with his head downwards in a tangle of strings far above the youthful aeronaut and quite out of his reach. The sensation caused by this accident can be better imagined than described. Everyone's heart almost ceased to beat in the intense excitement which ensued. Captain ———'s agony was simply indescribable. Another moment and the coolie was seen to disentangle himself and to fall. People turned sick at the sight. Women swooned, and many strong men closed their eyes expecting the next moment to see a mangled corpse in their midst.



He detached the parachute, and with an arm round the coolie leapt into space.

But it was not so.

The young balloonist, with the nerve and presence of mind of a veteran, managed, at an incalculable risk to himself, to seize the coolie as he hurtled past through space, and in spite of the latter's frenzied and semi-conscious struggles to get free, succeeded in seating him beside himself.

The plucky young aeronaut's troubles were, however, not at an end. When the balloon slackened speed he detached the parachute, and with an arm round the coolie leapt into space. Unfortunately, they both fell into the middle of a river, but eventually reached the bank in safety.

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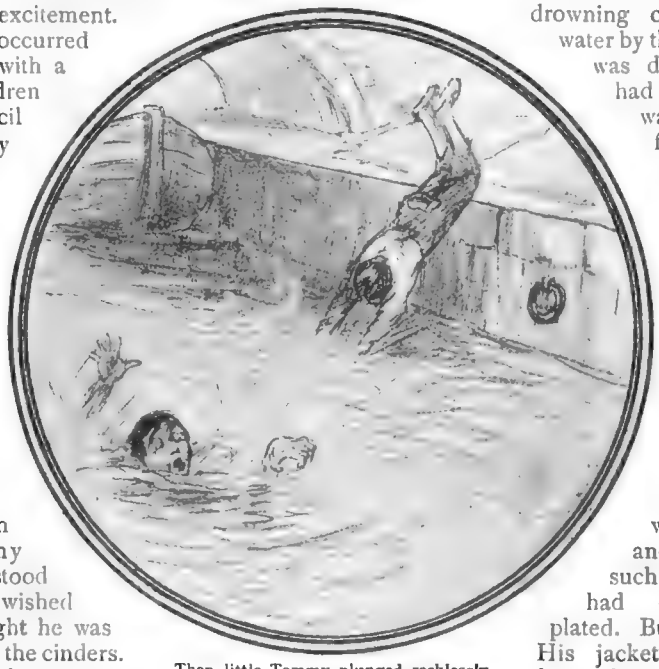
A Young Hero.

THE ROMANCE OF A LITTLE CINDER-PICKER.

TOMMY TOMLINSON is the correct name of the little hero of the following story. Tommy "Dinks," however, is what his chums in a certain poor street in Winsford, where he lived, called him. So Tommy "Dinks" he must be.

Tommy "Dinks" had looked upon the world with round eyes for eleven long years. A curious world it was to the little cinder-picker, for such was Tommy's occupation when his presence was not demanded at the Council schools.

Still, there were times in the uneventful life of Tommy "Dinks" filled with thrilling excitement. Such times occurred when, together with a crowd of children from the Council schools, Tommy was marched down to the swimming baths. Tommy hated water. Not water in the rusty old pail that served him for a basin at home, but the chilly waters of the baths. At such times Tommy trembled as he stood at the edge, and wished with all his might he was at work amongst the cinders. Then he would put one foot on the steps, but not the other, until suddenly Tommy felt a hand push him forward, and down Tommy would flounder with a shriek, quite convinced that he was destined for a watery grave. But three feet of water does not usually overtop the height of eleven years. Still, for all that, Tommy hated the water, and it seemed impossible to teach him to swim.



Then little Tommy plunged recklessly into the water.

So much for the early history and weakness of Tommy "Dinks," and now to tell the story which makes him a hero.

One evening Tommy was at his work, with grubby hands and face to match, seated amongst the cinders. Some little way from him he could see the Winsford bridge, beneath which the river Weaver runs. Suddenly Tommy heard a cry. It was one so full of terror and despair that the little cinder-picker thrilled with horror. A minute before Tommy "Dinks" had been placidly sitting amongst the cinders. Now he stood on the banks of the river, his eyes almost leaping from their sockets at the sight of a struggling figure in the water. "Help, I'm drowning!" came a cry, and Tommy perceived the shaggy head of one of his mates.

Tommy glanced round. Not a soul was near who could assist his drowning comrade. The water by the landing stage was deep. Someone had told him that it was more than fifteen feet, and he felt sure his height was not so much as that.

Then little Tommy plunged recklessly into the water. He kicked out with all his might. He beat the water with his hands, and made strokes such as no swimmer had ever contemplated. But he kept afloat. His jacket hung loosely from the drowning boy's shoulders. Tommy seized it, and then began to struggle desperately to the bank. Somehow, breathless and exhausted, he reached shallow water, and two men who had run up at the sound of the cries hauled both rescuer and rescued on to the bank.

Tommy "Dinks" suddenly discovered that he was a hero. The discovery came about one Wednesday some weeks later. It was at a meeting of the Winsford District Council. There, not Tommy Tomlinson, not Tommy "Dinks," but Thomas Tomlinson had pinned on his breast the medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society.

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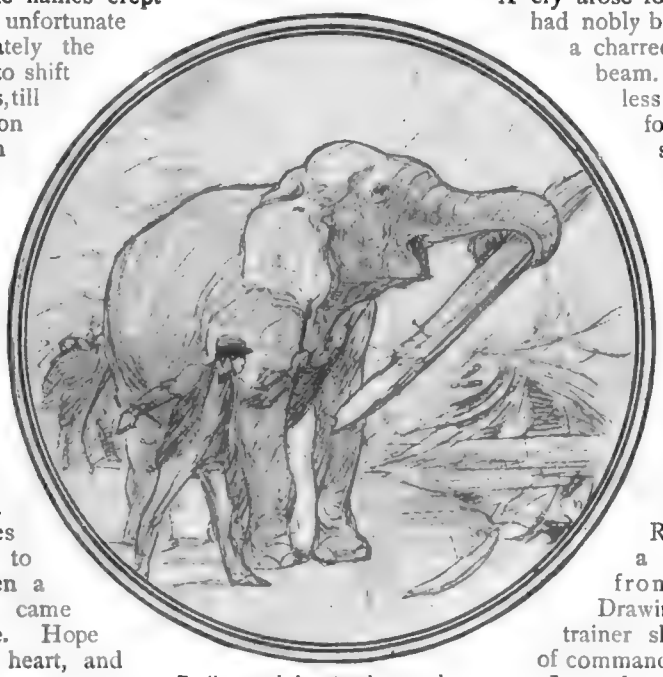
Living Fire-Engines.

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL RESCUE.

IN all time, probably, a human life has never been saved by animals more extraordinary, or in a fashion more unlooked-for, than recently at a place some few miles beyond Morgantown, in Virginia.

There had been a collision on the line. A pile of wreckage from which the smoke curled ominously marked all that was left of a goods train belonging to the Ohio and Baltimore Railway. A group of officials was gathered at one end of the débris. Beneath piles of broken timber the driver lay imprisoned, but unhurt. But the train was on fire, and the flames crept ever nearer the unfortunate man. Desperately the officials strove to shift the heavy beams, till the perspiration poured from their faces.

Hope had almost died when another train arrived. In a few words the guard told of the fearful death awaiting the driver of the wrecked engine. Passengers descended from the carriages and hastened to the spot. Then a transformation came over the scene. Hope grew in every heart, and voices shouted encouragement to the imprisoned man.



Bacil wound her trunk around one huge rafter, raised it, and laid it some yards aside.

At the farther end of the train that had recently arrived a strange sight was being presented. A huge elephant, following the command of its trainer, clambered clumsily down from a van on to the track. This elephant, the trainer explained to curious passengers, was Bacil, whom rumour credited as the mother of Jumbo. Moreover, she was two hundred years of age.

Then from other vans—for by a strange fortune the train happened to be bearing the stock and impedimenta of a travelling circus—eight more elephants were detrained.

Leading Bacil to the spot where the driver lay imprisoned, the trainer commanded her to remove the heavy timbers. With infinite caution, stepping warily over smouldering beams, Bacil wound her trunk around one huge rafter, raised it, and laid it some yards aside. Then, returning, piece by piece she gallantly accomplished her task.

But still the fire was creeping nearer and nearer to the helpless driver. No doubt he was aware that frantic efforts were being made to save him. Yet by what means remained a mystery.

A cry arose for water. Bacil had nobly borne away even a charred and smoking beam. But now, unless water had been forthcoming to stay the course of the fire, the work of rescue must have ceased. Even this cry had been anticipated by the trainer. The remaining elephants were returning from the Monongahela River, which lay a short distance from the line. Drawing them up, the trainer shouted a word of command.

Instantly, as if performing in a circus, the eight great beasts raised their trunks and poured a heavy stream of water on the wreckage.

Back to the river went the eight elephants. Back to her task of rescue proceeded Bacil. Beam after beam the mighty beast lifted, while at intervals her eight fellows returned from the river and quenched the fire.

Suddenly a great cheer arose from the onlookers. Bacil had removed the last beam, and amidst the spraying of water by the living fire-engines, the driver, drenched to the skin, unhurt, and speechless with amazement, arose and moved into safety.

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Winter At The Court Of Norway

Photo Wilse, Christiania.

Queen Maud, Princess Victoria, and King Haakon on ski.

A Glimpse of the Happy and Informal Home Life of King Haakon, Queen Maud, and Prince Olaf.

By Alice Stronach.

Some years ago, when Queen Victoria still reigned in England, three ladies from that country, yachting in northern waters, stepped ashore at Christiania and made their way through the Karl Johans Gade—the Bond Street of Christiania—to the royal palace that stands on the height commanding a beautiful view of the fiord.

Both the palace and the great park surrounding it were deserted, and the statue of Bernadotte on horseback seemed sufficient guard for the huge barrack of a place which, except during the rare visits of King Oscar to the Norwegian half of his dual monarchy, was like the home of some northern sleeping beauty.

The ladies were readily admitted, since, except on rainy days, the palace was open to the public. They followed the old custodian up the great staircase, stopping to admire the tapestries and Sinding's sculptured bas-reliefs of Bernadotte laying the foundation-stone of the palace, and of a later King in his turn unveiling the statue of Bernadotte in front of the palace. They passed from one to another of the deserted rooms—the banqueting room with its Corinthian columns, the state dining-room decorated in Pompeian style, the throne-room, the red salon, the billiard-room, and, of course, the great white and gold ball-room.

It was in this last room that the youngest of the three ladies, a merry, dark-eyed girl, seizing her sister round the waist, waltzed her down the long length of the polished floor to the amusement of the third lady and of the old custodian. None would have been more astonished than the younger of the dancers had anyone told her that, when next she entered that ball-room, it would be as Queen of Norway, that it would be her destiny to turn the deserted palace into a royal home, to fill the silent rooms with life and gaiety and with the merry laughter of a small son who would be Norway's Crown Prince.

For the three ladies were no other than Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, and her daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Maud, now Queen of Norway.

It was on a snowy November day, the eve of her birthday which she wished to spend among her husband's people, that Queen Maud next entered the palace, this time with King Haakon and little Prince Olaf, who, waving the Norwegian flag, had made a triumphal entry into his father's capital and the hearts of the people.

Despite the efforts of those who had filled the Queen's rooms with flowers and with gifts which overflowed into Olaf's nurseries, the palace, viewed as a residence for a King and Queen who count their descent from two of the oldest royal families in Europe, left much to be desired in the way of modern comfort and convenience.

Since then, however, two years have come

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and gone, and this their third winter in their capital finds the young King and his Queen established in a palace which an army of workmen, busy all last winter, have modernised and altered and embellished. Queen Maud's taste and her gift for home-making have transformed the private rooms in the sunny south wing into the most charming of royal homes, with that atmosphere of comfort and simple refinement which an English gentlewoman seems to create around her as her natural environment.

Antique furniture from England, some of it wedding and coronation gifts, holds its own with the quaint Norse furniture which formed the original equipment of the palace. Pictures and sculptures by English, Norwegian, and Danish artists, many of them personal friends of a royal couple partial to the society of artists, decorate the rooms, always gay, even in a northern winter, with flowers, since Queen Maud inherits her mother's love of these.

It is among such surroundings that Norway's King and Queen and their modest Court spend the greater part of the long northern winter, in an atmosphere that has more of the home than of the palace.

The Court of King Haakon and Queen Maud has been described as the most democratic Court in Europe, and indeed there is singularly little pomp and circumstance in the life and *entourage* of the young monarchs.

Instead of the fine guardsmen in red coats who play gay music for Olaf when he is on a visit to his English grandfather, King Edward, and who salute the carriage when he takes his drives abroad in London or Windsor, there are only a couple of men in dark uniform and plumed hats pacing up and down beneath the palace portico. And so little formidable are these that almost anyone who wishes can enter and obtain audience of a King who manages to conduct his affairs with only a couple of secretaries and his Court chamberlain to assist him. Queen Maud, following the King's example, has but two ladies-in-waiting—Fru Rustad and Fröken Fougner—and as often as not dispenses with their company when she can have that of Olaf on her walks and her drives in her dog-cart or her sleigh.

Photo Wilse, Christiania.

Princess Victoria, during her visit to the King and Queen of Norway, thoroughly enjoyed the sports of the country.

Meeting her thus, with her little boy snugly wrapped in furs by her side, the people will say: "There goes Olaf with our Queen, the daughter of 'Kong Edvard.'" As King Edward's daughter, Queen Maud is doubly interesting to her husband's people, for in Norway England's King is looked on as the wisest monarch in the world. You will be told that it is to him that Norway owes her independence — they do not explain how— and if he were to visit his son-in-law's capital, King Edward would find himself almost as important a personage as his small grandson Olaf.

But if at first it was as King Edward's daughter and Olaf's mother that Queen Maud was welcomed, she is now loved for her own sake, for her tact and womanly

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gentleness, her quiet dignity, her kindness to the poor.

"Our Queen skates so well, and she can go on ski," the ladies of Christiania began to tell one another across the coffee cups in the first winter she spent among them, and, for all their democracy, the Norwegians are proud of their elegant little Queen, of her taste in dress, her skill in outdoor sports, her many social gifts.

Sometimes the country-folk, visiting the capital and seeing their Queen for the first time, will criticise her with embarrassing frankness.

"So you are our Queen," said one old man, standing still and staring hard as she passed him. "Well, you are really quite a pretty little queen."

"That is an opinion we all share," said King Haakon, who was standing by, looking at his wife with proud affection.

Winter is Queen Maud's opportunity not only for indulging in her taste for Norway's national sports, but also for showing herself a true daughter of Queen Alexandra in her kindness of heart and thought for the poor. She is patroness of many philanthropic societies; but much of her charity is of a private and personal kind.

Photo *Wilse, Christiania.*

King Haakon gives his little son his first lesson in ski-ing.

"She isn't a queen for the rich, but for us poor folk," said one old woman who had benefited by Queen Maud's charity. "Yesterday, when she drove through the town, they said she looked proud, but when she comes among us she has kind looks for us all."

Stories are rife of the kindness of the King and Queen to all with whom they come in contact. Now it is a tale of a poor boy who had found the King's little dog wandering about lost on the night of the Royal family's arrival at the palace, and you are told how the boy came away laden with gifts, and a reward given him by the King and Queen, who came down themselves to thank him.

Again it is a story of a little girl, who, running too near the Royal carriage, was knocked down. The King and Queen themselves carried the little one into the palace, and on recovering from her fright with no bones broken, she was sent off radiantly happy with a purse of money and sweets from the Queen.

It is fortunate for King Haakon and Queen Maud that the Norwegians, like the Danes, are somewhat indifferent to the doings of Royalty. For the palace at Christiania, viewed as a home, has one great drawback, want of privacy. The "Slots Park" is open to the public, who can stroll right up to the palace windows and have a peep at what is going on, while, until Queen Maud had a part of the park reserved for Olaf and herself, the "idol of the nation," taking the air on his donkey, was liable to be mobbed by worshipping ladies who claimed kisses from their Crown Prince. Perhaps it is this want of privacy that makes Queen Maud prefer the modest Royal villa at Bygdo to the palace, even in winter.

Not that King Haakon and Queen Maud seem averse from mingling at close quarters with their people, for, when the time of the winter sports comes round, they move up to Dr. Holm's comfortable sanatorium among the pines at Voxenkollen, not far from Holmenkollen, where the winter sports competitions are held.

There they were joined last year in their suite of simply-furnished rooms by Princess Victoria, who shared in the sleigh-drives and ski expeditions of the King and Queen and Prince Olaf. The King and Queen went in

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and out just like the other visitors, mingling with the crowd who came up from the city to take part in the ski-ing and skating.

More than one girl, trying her first flight on Norway's wooden wings and coming to grief in the snow, has been picked up by a remarkably tall and good-looking young man in English tweeds and leggings, whom she may or may not have recognised as King Haakon.

Queen Maud, looking like a little English girl in her short tweed skirt, woollen jersey, and long knitted gloves, her cap tied down with a motor veil, passes unheeded in the merry throng, taking her occasional spills with equanimity. Only now and then someone, glancing at her, will remark how well the exercise and the clear, dry air of the Norwegian winter seems to suit the young Queen, who used to suffer much from the damp of the winters in Denmark.

Photo *Wilse, Christiania.*

Already Prince Olaf can manage his own little sleigh.

As for Prince Olaf, he revels in the winter, showing himself in that, as in his love for the flag of his country, a "Norwegian by instinct," to quote his proud father's phrase. Olaf loves the snow, and, though only a baby of three years old when he came to Norway, before many days were over, he had learnt to manage his own little sleigh, and to hold his own in snowball fights.

Last winter, seeing his father and mother on ski, Olaf set his heart on taking part in the national sport of his father's people, and, to his delight, King Haakon had a miniature pair of snow-shoes made specially for him.

Photo *Wilse, Christiania.*

The Royal box at Holmenkollen, just outside Christiania, where the great ski competitions are held annually.

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"He is a real sport," said one who witnessed his first wobbling efforts, for, after being put on his feet by his father, Olaf insisted on going by himself, and, taking his tumbles bravely, was soon able to go steadily over the frozen snow alone.

By his feat of going unaided on these elusive wooden runners, Olaf has completed his conquest of the Norwegians. They look forward to the day when he will assist at the great winter Derby up at Holmenkollen, where, each winter since their arrival in their new kingdom, King Haakon and Queen Maud have braved the rigour of frost and snow in the interest of the national sport of their people.

One of Prince Olaf's great pleasures when he is at Bygdo or Voxenkollen is to visit the Tourist Hotel, a picturesque building outside and in, and a favourite resort for those who come to Norway for the winter sports. The attraction for Olaf is a fairy-tale room decorated by the famous Norwegian artist, Gerad Munthe. Each time he goes there with his parents, Olaf finds something fresh to wonder at in the fairy scenes painted and carved on the walls, the goblin heads that form the tops of the door-posts, holding keys in their mouths, and stretching tongues of flame that make the door-hinges, and he has his special favourites among the great birds that mount guard on the top of each chair.

Photo *Wiler, Christiania.*

Prince Olaf on his favourite mount, in the Palace Park at Christiania.

Queen Maud's small son is a feature of the life of the Court of Norway, and with the ladies of Christiania the afternoon receptions at the "Slots" are occasions more interesting than the evening entertainments, because at the former Olaf often assists his mother to receive her guests.

One day when Olaf, standing beside his mother, had watched the arrival of an apparently endless stream of ladies, he suddenly looked up at his mother, and remarked: "No more ladies, mamma, no more ladies!" a protest possibly from the one small gentleman present in a company of ladies, who all showed a desire to kiss him. There are apparently limits to the universal friendliness which is one of Olaf's most charming characteristics.

But, as a rule, he is delighted to help entertain his mother's visitors, and can talk to the ladies of the English colony in their own tongue, while his Danish is practically the same language as that of his Norwegian friends. He already speaks a few words of French, a language frequently spoken by a King and Queen who have a warm affection for the French people, and for their art and literature.

So far life at the Court of Norway's young King and Queen has been quiet, and might even be described as dull by those used to the life of a great city. Fortunately, King Haakon and Queen Maud, happy in their home life, and with many hobbies and resources, are fairly independent of social gaiety. Both are musical, and there is a good billiard-room at the palace where they can indulge in a game with their friends. There is plenty of good music in Christiania during the winter, and the King and Queen are often to be seen at the opera or in the Royal box of the fine National Theatre in the Karl Johans Gade, whose director, a son of the poet, Björnson, joined heartily in Norway's welcome to its young monarchs.

Queen Maud is usually to be seen in the Royal box when a Björnson or Ibsen play is given, or one with Grieg's music. Last winter there was a Norwegian version of *The Prisoner*

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of Zenda, to remind Queen Maud of visits to the play in London, and, like other Courts of Europe, that of Norway has recently succumbed to the charms of *The Merry Widow*, the King and Queen going again and again to hear its haunting music.

King Haakon and Queen Maud have their special friends, Norwegian and English, in the capital. Chief of these are the ex-Prime Minister Michelsen and his wife, who welcomed them so heartily to their new kingdom. The Royal carriage, with its fine horses and men in smart blue liveries with cocked hats—the carriage and horses King Edward's gift to the King and Queen on their coronation—is often to be seen in front of Mr. Michelsen's house, and King Haakon and Queen Maud usually find some of their friends established for the winter up at Holmenkollen, where many of Christiania's citizens have country homes.

At the fine house lately bought as the headquarters of the English legation, live Sir Arthur Herbert and his American wife, whose toilettes are the admiration of the ladies of Christiania, and who, like Queen Maud, is often to be seen out riding in the neighbourhood of the capital. There is an English colony large enough to give Queen Maud a feeling of home when she attends the service in the English church of St. Edmund. And every winter is likely to add to the number of English visitors, who discover that Björnson was right when he declared that winter, not summer, is the best time to visit his country.

Photo *Wilse, Christiania.*

Queen Maud, Prince Olaf, and King Haakon make an expedition on ski.

For not only is it then that it is most beautiful, but with its clear, dry air, in which no bacteria can live, it is in winter that Norway has most to offer to those who travel in search of health.

One English visitor to Norway who has found health amid the snow and the pines of Voxenkollen is Princess Victoria. So well does the dry, clear air of the Norwegian winter suit the health of the Princess, that her winter visit to King Haakon and Queen Maud is likely to be an annual event. Never does the somewhat delicate Princess seem so well or so happy as in those six weeks at Voxenkollen, during which she leads the simple life she loves with the sister who used to be her constant companion, and the little nephew to whom she is devoted.

Her affection for the little Crown Prince has roused the sympathetic interest of the people of Christiania. "She is as a second mother to our Olaf," the ladies say, when they meet her driving with Queen Maud in her sleigh, little Olaf cosily tucked in between them. And no one took more interest in Olaf's first attempts at ski-ing than did his aunt, who, wearing a short skirt and knitted jersey, is herself sometimes to be seen at Holmenkollen trying a flight on the wooden wings and joining in the general hilarity.

Indeed, at Holmenkollen on a winter day, everyone, King and Queen included, seems to catch the infectious high spirits. You laugh at everything—even at the funny little red sleighs in which the children run up and down.

Photo *Wilse, Christiania.*

Norway's pride ski-ing "all by his own self."

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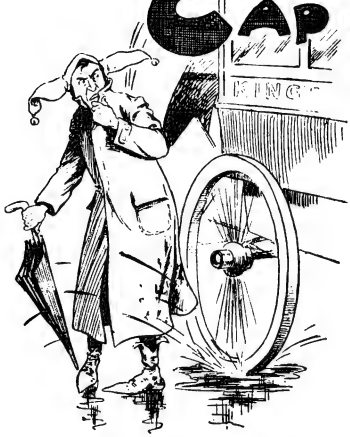
CAP AND BELLS



AN EXCELLENT TESTIMONIAL.

JUNIOR PARTNER: "I see you have engaged a new assistant. Is he a good salesman?"

SENIOR PARTNER: "Good salesman? Great Scott! I had to send for the police to prevent his talking me into taking him into the firm."

* * * * *

HORRID THING.

FIRST CHORUS GIRL: "My cheeks are all afire."

SECOND CHORUS GIRL: "I thought there was a smell of burning paint."

* * * * *

THERE'S A REASON.

I am a poet, that is why
I wish to change your name to Mrs.;
For, while a miss will rhyme with kiss,
The other title rhymes with kisses.

* * * * *

A CAREFUL GUARDIAN.

MISTRESS: "I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?"

PRETTY SERVANT: "Please mum, I think he suspicions me of neglectin' my work or somethin'."

* * * * *

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

MISS FLYPP (coyly): "Do you believe that it's love that makes the world go round?"

MR. HIPPLE: "Indeed, I do. Notice how soon midnight comes when I spend the evening with you."

* * * * *

NOT UNLIKELY.

HE: "I wonder how it was first discovered that fish was a brain food?"

SHE: "Probably by the wonderful stories that men tell who go fishing."

POSSIBLY.

CLARA: "Charlie Jackson prefers blonde girls."

LAURA: "Indeed. I am quite a brunette, you know, and he is always very attentive to me."

CLARA: "Possibly because your income is fair."

* * * * *

HER VERSION OF IT.

DOCTOR: "I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

LADY (to husband, an hour later): "He said I ought to go to a South Coast watering-place, and get some new light gowns at once."

* * * * *

NECESSARY.

CUSTOMER (who has just purchased a wonderfully cheap set of furniture): "Do you always pack furniture carefully before delivering it?"

NEW BOY: "This kind we do, 'cause the jarring would shake it to pieces."

* * * * *

FOR HER SWEET SAKE.

ETHEL (who thinks her country cousin nervous): "Can't you find anything better to squeeze than a felt hat?"

COUNTRY COUSIN: "Wait a bit; I'm only reducin' my energy for fear I might hurt you."

* * * * *

EXCUSABLE CANDOUR.

YOUNG TUTTER (drawing closer): "I hope, Miss Clara, that your father in the next room can't hear what I am saying."

MISS PINKERLEY (with dignity): "I hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say nothing to me that you would not be willing, if necessary, to say to papa."

* * * * *

***Mother:* "How did papa's new book get in this condition?"**

***Bobby:* "Why, mamma, I heard papa say last night that the book was too dry for him, so I put it in the bath and let the water run."**

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STOCK EXCHANGE ANIMALS.

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator.

"Neither," he replied, "I was an ass."

* * * * *

NOT THE SAME AT ALL.

HARRY: "Clara, dearest, you are the only woman I ever really and truly loved."

CLARA DEAREST: "You said that very same thing only last week to May Blossom. She told me so herself."

HARRY: "True, but that was only a dress rehearsal; this is the first performance."

* * *

A GOOD EXCUSE.

MOTHER: "How often have I told you, Mary, that you must eat the crust with the bread? Now you've left it again. The time will come when you will be very glad to eat crusts."

MARY (ten years old): "Yes, mother, and that's why I'm saving them now."

* * * * *

UNIMPEACHABLE EVIDENCE.

"I am a broken man," said the poet.

"So I should think," was the answer; "for I have seen your pieces."

* * * * *

ALMOST BEYOND HIM.

HIS FRIEND: "What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?"

FOOTLIGHTS: "Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was drawing."

* * * * * *

Diabolo: "I'm a reel craze, you know!"
Golf: "A crazy 'reel,' you mean."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

"Why did you keep that boy so long, Jane?" recently asked a lady of her servant, who had just taken in a siphon of soda-water.

"Please ma'am, he wanted to know if he could have 'a returned empty,' so I drawed off the water into a jug and let him 'ave it. I drawed it all off, ma'am," was the reassuring reply.

* * *

HOW TO TRAIN.

"I am going to be a contortionist when I grow up," said little Johnnie proudly, "I'm in training now, so I want to know what is the best thing for me to eat?"

"Green apples, my boy!" chuckled the old man.

* * *

NO TICK HERE.

"Why don't you wind that clock and set it going?" asked a bad customer at a country grocery shop.

"That clock is a sign," said the grocer, and the customer worked it out for himself before he left the shop.

* * * * *

TRUTH WILL OUT.

FATHER (sternly): "That is all very well, young man, but can you support my daughter?"

SON-IN-LAW: "Oh, yes—fairly well—that is to say, I can support her for an hour or two, but I begin to get tired after that. She's thundering heavy, you know."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A KISS THAT WENT AMISS.

I kissed Belinda underneath
The mistletoe.
It somehow happened that the light
Was rather low;
And, no one being there to let or hinder,
Right underneath the mistletoe
I kissed Belinda.

I kissed Belinda underneath
The mistletoe.
I kissed her—or, at any rate,
I fancied so.
My heart, with love, was all aglow like tinder—
I *thought* beneath the mistletoe
I kissed Belinda.

I kissed *someone*, at least beneath
The mistletoe.
(I think I've mentioned that the light
Was rather low.)
But guess my feelings (though I know you can't)
On finding I had kissed
Belinda's aunt!

Ada Leonora Harris.

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THE SEVEN AGES OF VALENTINES

1st.
I was born on St. Valentine's Day, so don't know who was my first one. Expect it was nurse. I hope not; I've seen her since.

2nd
Was my calico cat.
She's a dear.

3rd.
Was the sweep.
but does he count?

4th
Was Maria—A most undesirable person.

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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ANTIPON

Of Chemists &c Price 2/6 & 4/6

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TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

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Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2/6 and 4/6, by Chemists, Stores, &c ; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount), carriage free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13 Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Colonial readers of *The Royal Magazine* will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia South Africa, United States, Canada, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemists or Stores.

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VINOLIA

SOAP.

Delightful Shopping.

A woman's instinct in shopping tells her what to buy. If her purse be heavy her heart is light when selecting those countless articles which become her home and beauty. A light purse makes a glad heart where Vinolia is concerned, for this delightful soap may be purchased at a price within the reach of all.

Premier, 4d.; Floral, 6d.; Medical, 8d.; Toilet (Otto), 10d.; Vestal, 2/6

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5th Was old Snaggs. You can see what she was for yourself.

6th. Was, Ah—Dolly. The very one I wanted.

7th Oh! I've grown too old for that sort of thing, don't cher know.

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EASILY SATISFIED.

"Willie," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?"

"I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of pirates, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mention of my name."

* * * * *

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

A young dentist, being introduced to a fashionable beauty at a West-end party, gracefully opened the conversation by saying: "Miss Grant, I hope I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of extracting a tooth for your father only a few days ago."

* * * * *

GETTING ALONG.

GUMMEY: "How much progress has Pelican made towards those castles in the air he used to dream of?"

GLANDERS: "He's on the road up. He occupies a back room on the seventh storey now."

* * * * *

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

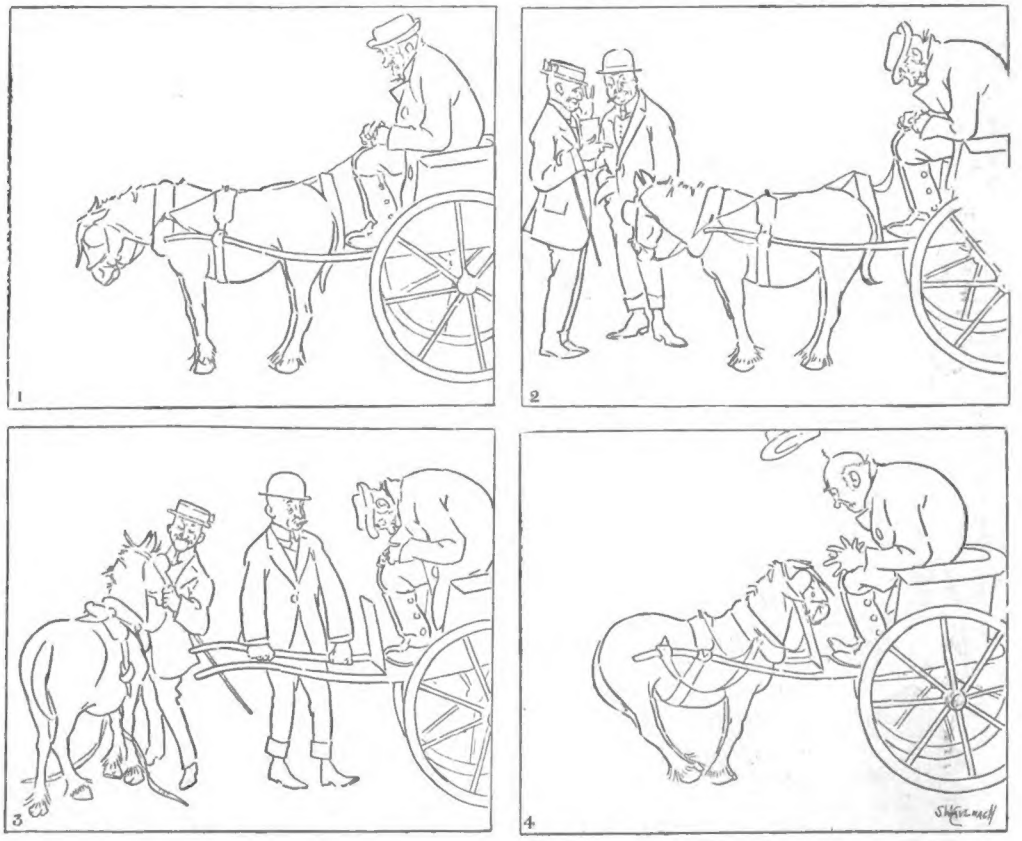
TOMMY: "Can we play at keeping shop here mamma?"

MAMMA (who has a headache): "Certainly, but you must be very, very quiet."

TOMMY: "Well, we'll pretend we don't advertise."

* * * * *

THE THOUGHTFUL FRIENDS.



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THE FLATTERING TONGUE.

"I say, waiter, this isn't beefsteak, it is leather."

"Oh! we thought we could offer it to Monsieur without inconvenience to him."

"Why select me?"

"Monsieur has such superb teeth."

* * * * *

QUITE TRUE.

INDIGNANT LANDLORD (to tenant of a flat): "I thought you said that all your children were grown up, and here you've got these noisy babies in the place."

TENANT: "Yes, these are my grandchildren."

* * * * *

DIFFICULT TO DECIDE.

"She is determined to be a musician, but can't decide whether to make a speciality of the violin or the piano."

"Has she no positive predilection for either?"

"Oh yes; but some of her friends think she looks better standing, and others that sitting is more becoming to her."

* * * * *

TOO TRUE.

JACK GOODFELLOW'S SMALL BROTHER: "Jack, is there any past tense of due?"

JACK (gloomily): "Yes, dun."

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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A NOBLE WOMAN.

UNCLE: "You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is?"

"It's Mr. Millions."

"Indeed. I did not know he had any bad habits."

"Yes. His friends say that he is becoming quite miserly."

* * * * *

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

A smart man put arsenic in a bottle of wine, hoping that a burglar would drink it, and his wife placed it among a hundred other bottles. The smart man is now wondering which is the bottle, and is prepared to sell his stock of wine cheap.

* * *

TOOK HIS OWN PART.

MAMMA (to Tommy): "I'm sorry you and your sister quarrelled over that orange, and that James had to interfere. Whose part did he take?"

TOMMY: "Whose part? He took the whole orange."

* * *

NOT IMPARTIAL ADVICE.

HAZEL: "Sandstone has asked me to lend him a sovereign, and I don't know whether to do it or not. Would you?"

NUTTE (earnestly): "I would, old man. He invited me to dine with him this evening."

* * * * *

A MATTER OF NO IMPORTANCE.

PAINTING INSTRUCTOR: "Ze young lady put ze paint on too thick."

MRS. NEWRICH: "Oh, never mind that, professor, her father's got enough money to buy barrels of it, if she wants it."

* * * * *

RATHER AN ORDEAL.

"Is it true that your bride is very hard of hearing?"

"It is. Why, when I proposed to her, I had to shout so loud that all the neighbours ran out and congratulated me."

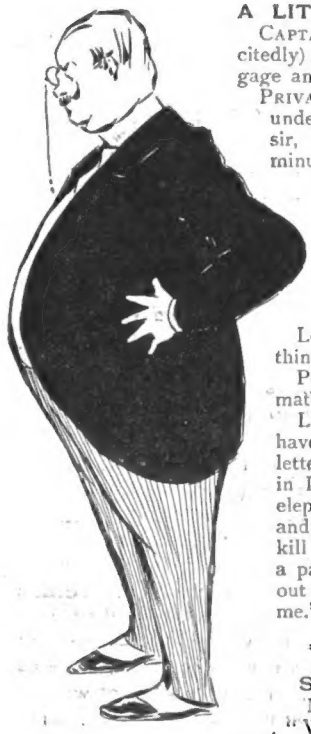
* * *

NO FAULT OF THE RING.

YOUNG (to jeweller): "I've brought back this engagement ring I bought yesterday."

JEWELLER: "Didn't it suit?"

YOUNG: "I didn't."



H. COWHAM

SPLENDID!

"Oh, I say, Uncle, what a ripping Xmas dinner a chap could have if he was as roomy as you and as hungry as I am."

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

CAPTAIN OF CORPS (excitedly): "Seen my baggage anywhere, Higgins?"

PRIVATE HIGGINS (misunderstanding): "Yes, sir, I seed her five minutes ago walking down the 'ill with the parson."

* *

RUDER THAN ANYTHING.

LOTTIE: "The horrid thing."

POLLIE: "What's the matter, dear?"

LOTTIE: "Why, I have just received a letter from my brother in India. He shot an elephant the other day, and writes that if he can kill another, he'll have a pair of slippers made out of their hides for me."

* * *

NATIONAL SHREWDNESS.

MINISTER (to Rory): "Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?"

RORY: "I was at Mr. Dunlop's kirk."

MINISTER: "I don't like your running about to strange kirks in that way. Not that I object to your hearing Mr. Dunlop, but I'm sure ye widna like yer ain sheep straying away into a strange pasture."

RORY: "I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass."

* * * * *

THE END OF THE STORY.

GUIDE: "In this castle, gentlemen, lived the Knight Dagobert and his beautiful wife. The knight's prowess was well——"

TOURISTS: "Oh, do spare us a long-winded story. Tell us the conclusion, and that will be enough."

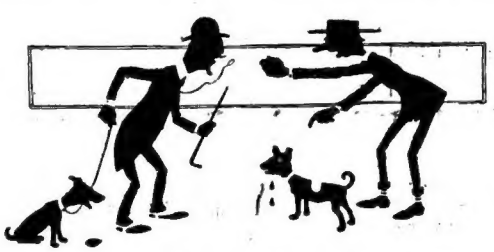
GUIDE: "All right. Here is the conclusion: And now gentlemen, as I have told you such a thrilling tale, I hope you will give me a trifle with which to drink your health."

* * *

UNPARDONABLE.

"I was so sorry to hear that your husband is ill," said the caller.

"Yes," was the reply "it was really too bad He took such a liking to a new kind of health food, that he over-ate himself."



Champ (savagely): "Your dog has bitten a piece clean out of my dog."

Sharpe (ditto): "Confound it! I wanted to bring him up as a vegetarian."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

A Word or Two to Finish Up the Number.

TO INTRODUCE M. JEAN WORTH.

Mesdames, I always keep my word. Last month I promised to acquaint you with the greatest costumier the world has ever known: M. Jean Worth. I now come forward, M. Worth at my side (one of the proudest moments of my life!), and present him to you all with due ceremony.

One could not be otherwise than ceremonious with a personage of M. Worth's position and eminence! More than any other living man, he seems to carry about with him a lofty atmosphere of State functions and Royal Courts. His very style of writing is regal in its blandness and serenity. He talks down to you as from a great height, weighing his words with care, in the full knowledge that they will be scrutinised by thousands of fair creatures with breathless interest, and held by thousands more as little short of sacred writ.

IN VAIN.

Mr. R. Mertun, a contributor who wields a deft and pretty pen, has once more attacked his hard-hearted editor, in his favourite medium—verse. The facts of the case are as follows: Mr. Mertun sent me in a batch of poems, excellent as regards subject matter, but, in my opinion, not quite so finished and pointed as they might have been. I frankly told him so, and added that I hoped he would send me further attempts in a similar vein. Mr. Mertun replies:

I have your letter, sir; you said (you know)
The verses that I wrote had failed to please:
"Hope springs eternal," Pope once sang—and so
I send you these.

You tell me, though my verses do not quite
Suit your requirements, I may try again,
And add one hint—"let anything you write
Be in this *vein*."

Your meaning, sir, I fully apprehend,
And yet a deep dejection seizes me:
How can I hope to please if what I send
In *vain* must be?

"YOU ARE AN ASS."

Which reminds me that there's another quaint contribution I've decided to publish on this page. Its history is short and sweet.

A young lady sent me a MS. and asked me to consider it, and, if I declined it, to give her my reasons for so doing and some editorial advice.

I considered her effort and declined it, giving as my reason that her subject was too vague and fanciful, and that what we wanted were solid facts expressed with point and precision. I finished with the polite hope that I might shortly see some more work from her pen.

By return of post came her second effort. It was accompanied by the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

You ask for another contribution from my pen, dealing in solid facts succinctly expressed. I enclose such a contribution.

Here it is:

"To the Editor of THE ROYAL:

"*You are an ass.*"

Now I've published it. What, I wonder, does the fair contributor want as a honorarium?

THE END

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